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WITH FRONT & TITLE BY WALTER CRANE

CHANTS OF LABOUR;

A SONG BOOK OF THE PEOPLE WITH MUSIC

EDITED BY EDWARD CARPENTER

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD
RUSKIN HOUSE, 40 MUSEUM STREET, W.C.

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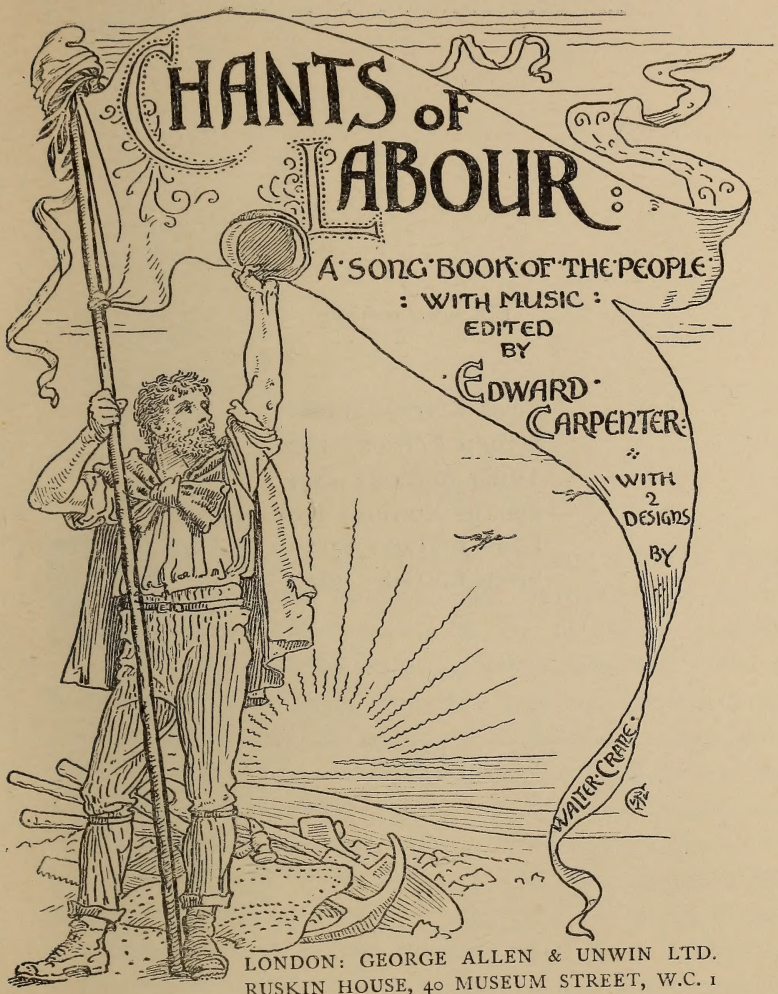
Robert A. Lenn
London, England
June 2nd, 1958

CHANTS OF LABOUR



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PREFACE

"And they sung a new song."

THE title of the present volume explains itself. Amid the confusion and despair which to-day attend the break-up of the old forms of social life, a fresh note of joy and anticipation is heard. Society itself is in labour towards a new and glorious birth. The emancipation of the workers from world-old degradation and slavery is the signal for the first time in history of the advent on a large scale of the true life of the People, and of the realisation of that more rational social order which has been looked for so long. Round this great labour movement, spreading now so rapidly over the world, cluster the best hopes of human progress; and it is among the bodies connected with this movement—more or less Socialistic as they all are—that the tiny but precious seed of faith in the future may chiefly be found, and that a new conception

of human society is already beginning to array itself in organic form.

It is therefore as a contribution to this movement that the present small collection of songs has been formed. They are for the use of the people, and they are mainly the product of the people. And as, like all genuine and far-reaching changes, the existing social transformation covers a lot of ground—evidently the artistic literary and scientific as well as the purely industrial—and is carried on by bodies of men and by methods very various both in name and nature—so, following this hint, the book studies variety rather than exclusiveness. Some of the songs are purely revolutionary, others are Christian in tone; there are some that might be called merely material in their tendency, while many are of a highly ideal and visionary character.

It is from the same sense of respect for the actual movement, as it is taking place to-day, that I have included many pieces which, though not written by "standard authors" and perhaps not always in the most finished style of composition, have yet the merit of being genuinely accepted and in use among Socialist bodies of workmen—some too composed by hearty and active members thereof. Thus the book is in no sense (as the index shows) a merely "literary" production—but emanates rather from the heart of the people. May it help to give voice to those who have so long been dumb!

With regard to the music, much of it is new and has been composed by friends expressly for this volume; and the accompaniments and arrangements of old and standard airs have been re-cast and adapted. Owing to existing copyrights it has been necessary in some cases to be

content with a *reference* to a tune, without actually printing it.

To our friend Walter Crane we are indebted for the designs of cover, frontispiece, and title-page, and to many others (especially the brothers Sharland of Bristol) for advice and various help in relation to the volume. Any criticisms, exposure of errors, or suggestions of new matter will, in view of a second edition, be gladly received by the editor

MILLTHORPE, NEAR CHESTERFIELD

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1. Hey for the Day!

Words by T. Maguire. Air—French Canadian.

Dark - est is night, We do not fear; Dawn-ing is near—

Air & Accompt. *pp* *p*

Soon we shall see Morn - ing all bright Burst in - to sight:

f

Chorus.

There shall be light Where gloom used to be. Then hey for the day! When

ff *f*

wrong shall have flown For ev - er a - way To be nev - er - more known; When

o - ver the land The cause shall command: Sing hey for the dawn of day!

2 Ours is the day—
We shall move on,
Fearful of none
Who'd fain see us fall.
Lest the world stray,
Lead we the way
To Freedom for aye
And Freedom for all.

Chorus.

Then hey for the day!
When wrong shall have flown
For ever away
To be nevermore known;
When over the land
The cause shall command:
Sing hey for the dawn of day!

No. 2. Come, Comrades, Come!

Words by W. Morris. Air—*Down among the Dead Men.*

Come com - rades come, your glass - es clink; Up with your hands

Air & Accompt. *f*

health to drink—The health of all that work - ers be, In

ev - 'ry land, on ev - 'ry sea. And he that will this

p

health de - ny, Down a -mong the dead men, down a-mong the dead men—

cres.

Down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men let him lie.

f *ff*

2.

Well done! Now drink another toast,
And pledge the gath'ring of the host—
The people, armed in brain and hand,
To claim their rights in every land.

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead men
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

3.

There's liquor left; come, let's be kind,
And drink the rich a better mind—
That when we knock upon the door,
They may be off and say no more.
And he that will, &c.

4.

Now, comrades, let the glass blush red;
Drink we the unforgotten dead
That did their deeds and went away,
Before the bright sun brought the day.
And he that will, &c.

5.

The Day? Ah, friends, late grows the night;
Drink to the glimmering spark of light,
The herald of the joy to be,
The battle-torch of thee and me!
And he that will, &c.

6.

Take yet another cup in hand,
And drink in hope our little band;
Drink strife in hope while lasteth breath,
And brotherhood in life and death;
And he that will, &c.

No. 3. True Freedom.

Words by J. R. Lowell.

Four-Part Song (S.A.T.B.).

Air—*War-Song of Druids, "Norma."* *

f Men whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers brave and free,

If there breathe on earth a slave— Are ye tru - ly free and brave?

p If ye do not feel the chain, When it works a bro-ther's pain,

f Are ye not base slaves in - deed— Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?

2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

3 They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three!

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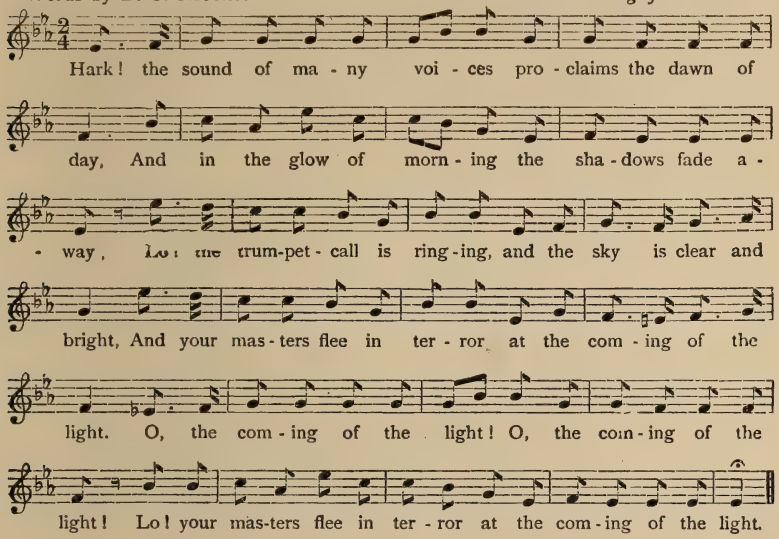
No. 4. The Coming of the Light.

Words by D. G. NICOLL. Air—*Wearing of the Green.*



2 March! march! ye swarming myriads, from the alley and the slum;
See, the gods of this world tremble with a fear that strikes them dumb.
Arm! arm! then, and make ready—for ye know that might is right!
And the workers' strength shall prove it at the coming of the light.

O, the coming of the light! O, the coming of the light!
And the workers' strength shall prove it at the coming of the light.

3 Raise again the blood-red banner, that your masters fear to see,
With the Phrygian cap upon it that tells of liberty.
Once more, then, raise that banner—short and brief shall be the fight,
For the people march to battle at the coming of the light.

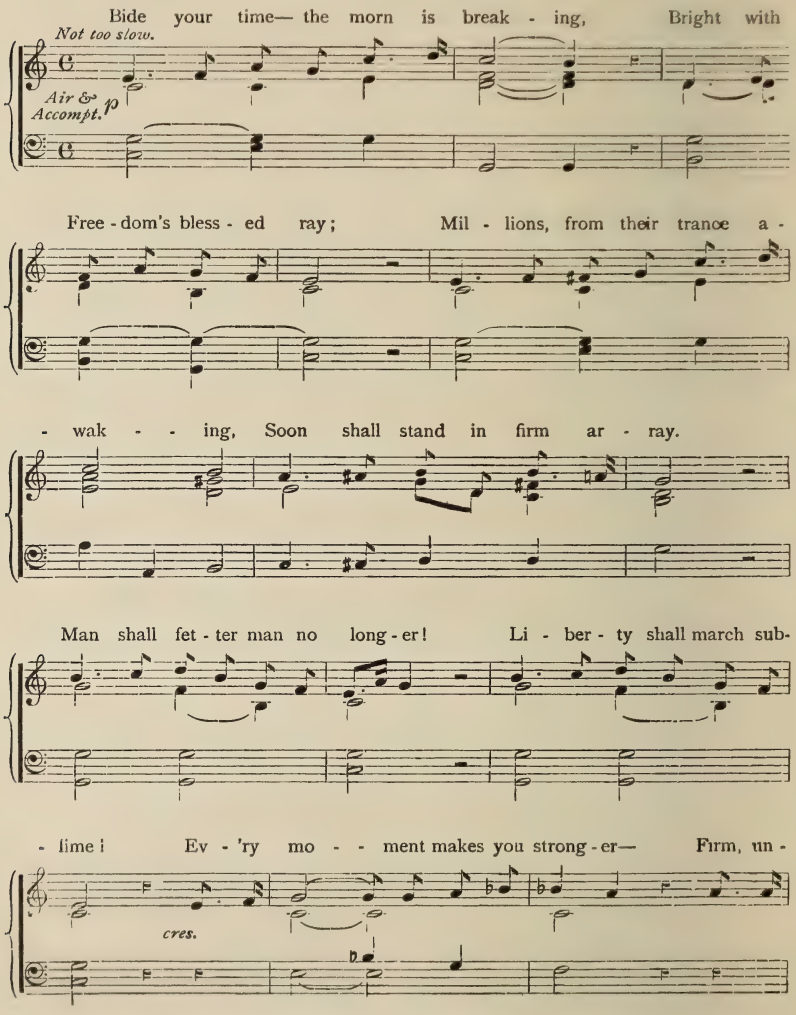
O, the coming of the light! O, the coming of the light!
When the people march to battle at the coming of the light.

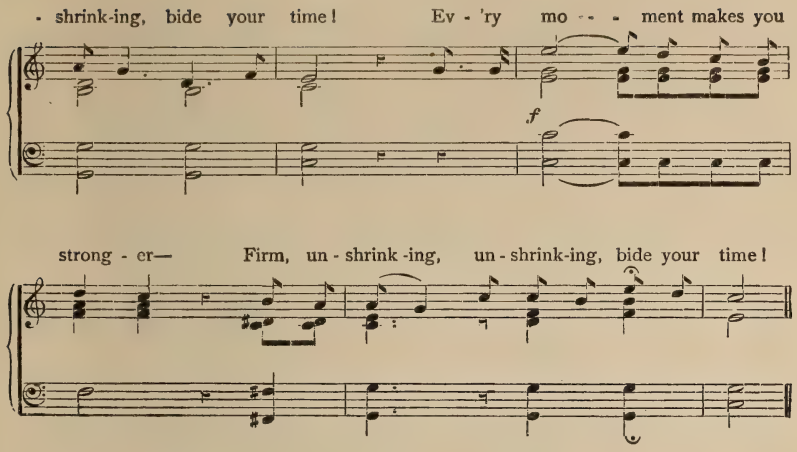
4 Now, beneath the rule of robbers the world grows sad and old,
The people bound and fettered by a chain of glittering gold;
But when the trumpet soundeth, the world shall see a sight,
The golden chain is broken at the coming of the light.

O, the coming of the light! O, the coming of the light!
The golden chain is broken at the coming of the light.

No. 5. Bide your Time!

Words by MICHAEL J. BARRY. Air—*The Cottage by the Sea.*





2.

Bide your time—one false step taken
  Perils all you yet have done!
Undismayed, erect, unshaken,
  Watch and wait, and all is won.
'Tis not by a rash endeavour
  Men can e'er to greatness climb;
Would you win your rights for ever,
  Calm and thoughtful, *bide your time!*

3.

Bide your time—your worst transgression
  Were to strike, and strike in vain;
He, whose arm would smite oppression,
  Must not need to smite again!
Danger makes the brave man steady—
  Rashness is the coward's crime;
Be for Freedom's battle ready
  When it comes—but, *bide your time!*

No. 6. The Labourer's Battle-Hymn.

Words by H. Greulich. Air—*Wacht am Rhein.*

Chorus (S.A.T.B.).

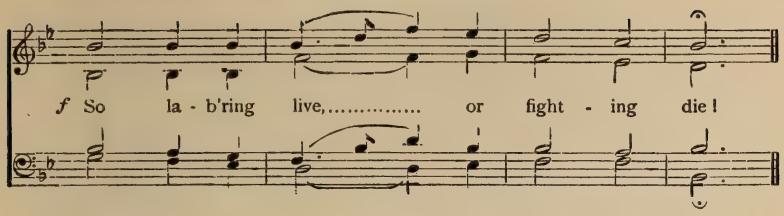
mf There sounds a call from land to land—Ye poor, give one an-

-o-ther hand! Then bid a halt to ty-ran-ny, And

from your slav-ish yoke break free! *p* The bat-tle-cry low

roll-eth by, The bat-tle-cry low roll-eth by;

The ban-ner red..... doth float on high:



2.

We wish for freedom, peace, our right
That no one slave in other's might,
That all mankind to work be bound,
That bread for each be somewhere found.

The battle-cry low rolleth by,
The battle-cry low rolleth by,
The banner red doth float on high:
So lab'ring live, or fighting die.

3.

You bring to others goods and gold,
Yet naught for self can ever hold,
Man scorning laughs you in the face,
And feareth not the judgment place.

The battle-cry low rolleth by, &c.

4.

Then up, then up, courageous band,
The storm breaks loose upon the land,
A shout from thousand throats assists,
And high to heaven are clenched our fists.

The battle-cry low rolleth by, &c.

No. 7. The Hope of the Ages.

Words by E. Nesbit. Air—*Red White and Blue.*

f

If you dam up the riv - er of Pro - gress— At your

per - il and cost let it be !..... That riv - er must sea - wards des -

p

- pite you— 'Twill break down your dams and be free ! And we

heed not the pi - ti - ful bar - riers That you in its way have down-

cres.

- cast ; For your ef - forts but add to the tor - rent, Whose

f

flood must o'er-whelm you at last ! For our ban - ner is raised and un -

- furled ; At your head our de - fi - ance is hurled : Our

cry is the cry of the A - ges— Our hope is the hope of the World !

2 We laugh in the face of the forces
That strengthen the flood they oppose !
For the harder oppression the fiercer
The current will be when it flows.
We shall win, and the tyrants' battalions
Will be scattered like chaff in the fight,
From which the true soldiers of freedom
Shall gather new courage and might !

For our banner is raised and unfurled,
At your head our defiance is hurled ;
Our cry is the cry of the Ages,
Our hope is the hope of the World !

3 Whether leading the van of the fighters
In the bitterest stress of the strife,
Or patiently bearing the burden
Of changelessly common-place life,
One hope we have ever before us,
One aim to attain and fulfil,
One watchword we cherish to mark us
One kindred and brotherhood still !
For our banner is raised, &c.

4 What matter if failure on failure
Crowd closely upon us and press ?
When a hundred have bravely been beaten,
The hundred and first wins success !
Our watchword is "Freedom"—new soldiers
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,
Our cry is the cry of the Ages,
Our hope is the hope of the World !
For our banner is raised, &c.

No. 8. There are Ninety and Nine.

Air—*There were Ninety and Nine*
I. D. SANKEY'S "Songs & Solos," No 43.

Words from *The Boston Globe.*

1 There are ninety and nine that work and die
In want and hunger and cold,
That one may live in luxury,
And be lapped in the silken fold !
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
And one in a palace of riches rare.

2 From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,
And the forest before them falls ;
Their labour has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls.
And the one owns cities and houses and lands,
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

3 But the night so dreary and dark and long
At last shall the morning bring ;
And over the land the victors' song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar, from zone to zone,
"Rejoice ! for Labour shall have its own !"

No. 9. Song of the Springtide.

Words by F. Henderson.

Four-Part Song (S.A.T.B.).

Air—*Farewell to the Forest.*
Mendelssohn.

p

Not too slow.

We've heard that the spring is love - ly: The whole earth leaps with

f *p*

glee When the young May brings to the wood - lands The

cres.

But we

rap - ture of be - ing free! But we know when the

know when the spring - tide com - eth,

f

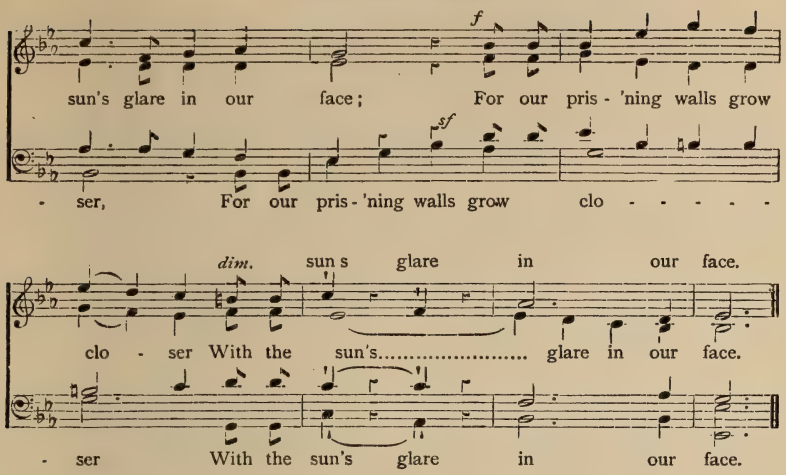
spring - - - tide com - eth, Though we can - not see its

But we know when the spring - tide com-eth,

pp For our

grace, For our pris - 'ning walls grow clo - ser With the

clo - - - -



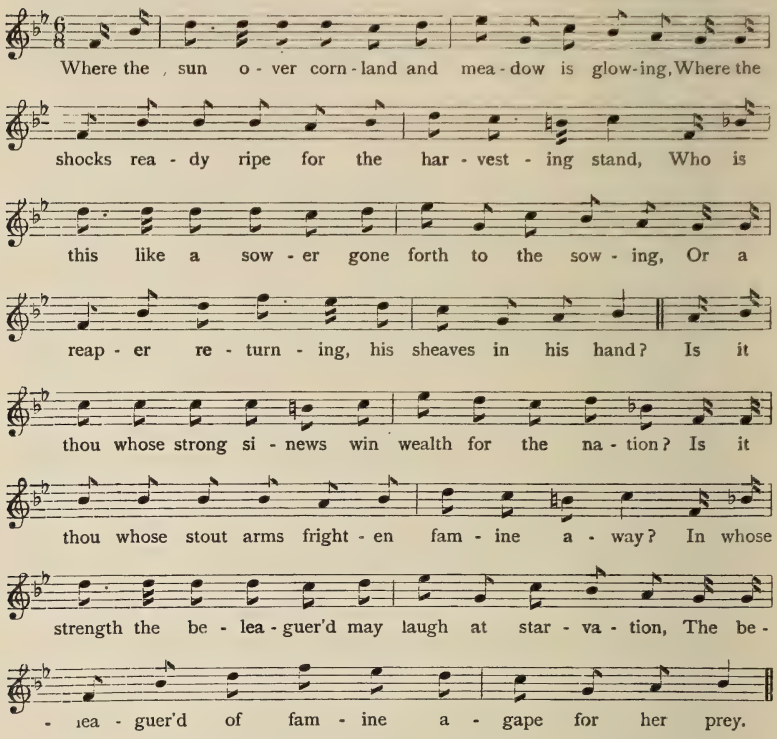
2 We know there are some with leisure
  Who roam the world so sweet ;
But we to our factory-prisons
  Are chained by the hands and feet :
For the cry of our babes is sounding
  For ever into our ears,
And we toil for bread to feed them,
  With a toil heaped full of fears.

3 We build the homes of our masters,
  Where aye at ease they dwell,
And the sound of music greets them
  'Mid the comfort they love so well ;
But we know that their ease is builded
  On the hunger and pain we bear,—
Their repose upon our toiling,
  Their hope on our despair.

4 But the time will come when the beauties
  Of earth shall be for all,
When none on his brothers' slavehood
  Shall base his escape from thrall ;
When the spring shall bring us gladness,
  And pleasure instead of pain,—
Yea, for us who have toiled and sorrowed,
  Nor enjoyed our toiling's gain.

No. 10. The Toiler's Reward.

Words by J. L. JOYNES. Air—*The Green Shores of Erin.*



2.

Is it nought that thy hands that ingathered the harvest
  Should be shorn of their share of the bounty of bread?
Is it nought that when all men are feasting thou starvest,
  That thou criest in vain to thy lords to be fed?
There is silence: no answer the toiler returneth:
  They have plundered him long; they may plunder him still:
Very slowly the slave for lost liberty learneth
  On woe's anvil to fashion the war-sword of will.

3.

So turn we a page of his life and its story,
  Till the swift-running sands in the sand-glass of time
Show the locks on his temples snow-sprinkled and hoary.
  And his beard over-frosted with silvery rime.
What reward at the last shall he welcome for wages
  When the track of his life lies in lonelier ways?
Shall he find consolation and rest as he ages?
  Shall not comfort and peace be the crown of his days?

4.

Nay; the walls of the workhouse shall close on his vision,
  And his ears shall be deafened with turmoil and din;
His grey hairs shall go down to the grave with derision,
  Nor shall aught he can do make atonement for sin.
For the sin he has sinned is the crime of the toiler,
  Who plods at the plough-tail that others may rest;
Who surrenders his harvest a prey to the spoiler,
  And contentedly starves at his master's behest.

No. 11. The Workers.

Words translated from the French of PIERRE DUPONT by JOHN OXENFORD.

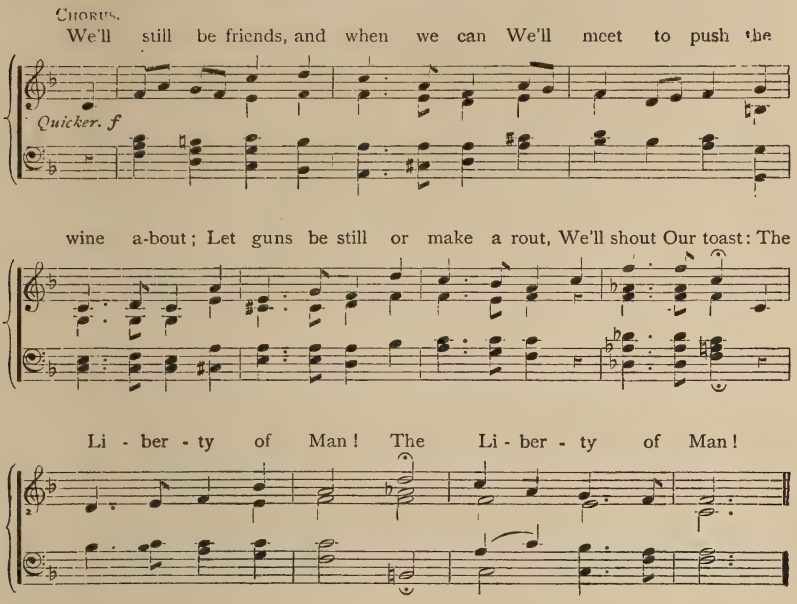
Music by JOHN JONES.

Moderato.

Air & Accompt.

We whose dim lamp, the dawn-ing day, Is lit when cocks be-gin to crow; We who for our un-cer-tain pay Must ear-ly to our an-vils go;..... We who with hand and foot and arm With want a war in-ces-sant wage, And nought can ev-er gain to warm The drea-ry win-ter of old age—

p *rit.* *cres.* *rit.*



2.

From jealous waves, from niggard soils,
Our arms, for ever toiling, tear
A mighty store of hidden spoils,
Aye, all that man can eat or wear:
From plains their corn, from hills their fruit,
Their metals, pearls, and jewels fine;
Alas! poor sheep, a costly suit
Is woven from that wool of thine.

Chorus.

We'll still be friends, and when we can
We'll meet to push the wine about:
Let guns be still or make a rout,
We'll shout
Our toast: The Liberty of Man!
The Liberty of Man!

3.

What from the labour do we get
For which our backs thus bent must be?
And wherefore flow our floods of sweat?
Machines, and nothing more, are we!
Our Babel-towers the skies invade,
The earth with marvels we array;
But when at last the honey's made,
The master drives the bees away.
We'll still be, &c.

4.

In darksome holes, in garrets foul,
In ruined shells, with rags bedight,
We live—the comrades of the owl
And thief, the constant friends of night.
Still through our hearts hot blood-beats run,
Still through our veins live currents flow
And we could love the glorious sun,
And that deep shade the oak-trees throw
We'll still be, &c.

No. 12. England Arise!

Words and Music by E. CARPENTER.

FOUR-PART SONG (S.A.T.B.)

f Eng - land a - rise! the long long night is o - ver, Faint in the east be -

- hold the dawn ap- pear; Out of your e - vil dream of toil and sor - row—

A - rise, O Eng - land, for the day is here; From your fields and hills,

Hark! the an-swer swells— *f* A - rise, O Eng-land, for the day is here!

2.

By your young children's eyes so red with weeping,
By their white faces aged with want and fear,
By the dark cities where your babes are creeping
Naked of joy and all that makes life dear ;
From each wretched slum
Let the loud cry come ;
Arise, O England, for the day is here !

3.

People of England ! all your valleys call you,
High in the rising sun the lark sings clear,
Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall you ?
Will you disown your native land so dear ?
Shall it die unheard—
That sweet pleading word ?
Arise, O England, for the day is here !

4.

Over your face a web of lies is woven,
Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,
Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
On its bent back sits Idleness encrowned.
How long, while you sleep,
Your harvest shall It reap ?
Arise, O England, for the day is here !

5.

Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers !
Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn !
Mighty in faith of Freedom your great Mother !
Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn !
Come and swell the song,
Silent now so long :
England is risen !—and the day is here.

No. 13. Hark! the Battle-Cry is Ringing!

Words by H. S. Salt. Air—*March of the Men of Harlech.*

Four-Part Song (S.A.T.B.).

f

1st time. Hark! the bat - tle - cry is ring - ing! Hope with - in our
2nd time. Tho' we wield nor spear nor sa - bre, We the stur - dy

bo - soms spring - ing, Bids us jour - ney for - ward sing - ing—
sons of La - bour, Help - ing ev - 'ry man his neigh - bour,

Death to ty - rants' might!
Shrink not from the fight! *p* See our homes be

- fore us! Wives and babes im - plore us; So firm we stand in

heart and hand, And swell the daunt - less cho - rus:

CHORUS.

f Men of La-bour, young or hoa - ry, Would ye win a name in sto - ry?

ff Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Jus - tice, Free - dom, Right!

2.

Long in wrath and desperation,
Long in hunger, shame, privation,
Have we borne the degradation
Of the rich man's spite:
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;
Often shines the fairest morrow
After stormiest night.
Tyrant hearts, take warning!
Nobler days are dawning;
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

Chorus.

Men of Labour, young or hoary,
Would ye win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
God shall help the Right!

No. 14. Hymn of the Proletariat.

Words by JOHANN MOST. Air—*British Grenadiers.*

Who ham - mers brass and stone? Who rais - eth from the

Air & Accompt *p* *cres.*

mine? Who weav - eth cloth and silk? Who till - eth wheat and

p

vine? Who la - bour - eth the rich to feed, Yet

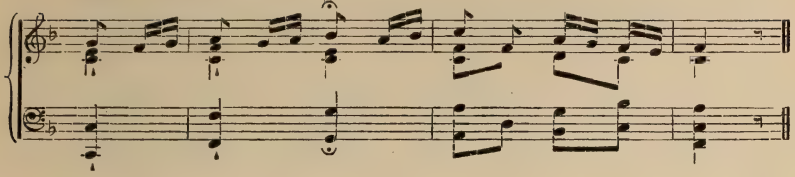
lives him - self in sor - est need? It is the men who

f

toil,..... The Pro - le - ta - ri - at; It is the

ff

men, the men who toil, The Pro - le - ta - ri - at.



2.

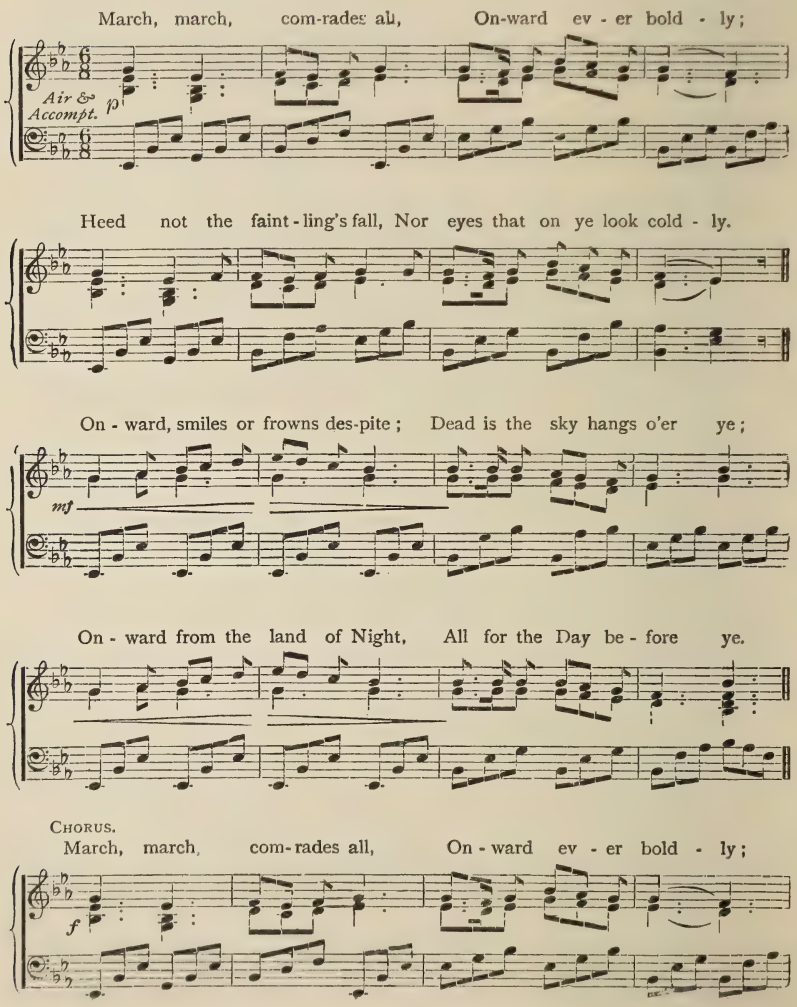
Who strives from earliest morn?
Who toils till latest night?
Who brings to others wealth,
Ease, luxury, and might?
Who turns alone the world's great wheel,
Yet has no right in commonweal?—
It is the men who toil,
The Proletariat;
It is the men who toil,
The Proletariat.

3.

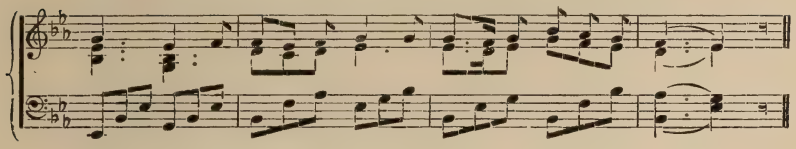
Who is from aye a slave
To all the tyrant brood?
Who oft for them must fight?
And for them shed his blood?—
O folk! hast thou not yet perceived,
'Tis thou that ever art deceived!
Awake, ye men who toil!
Up, Proletariat!
Awake, ye men who toil!
Up, Proletariat!

No. 15. March, March, Comrades All.

Words by T. MAGUIRE. English Air.



Heed not the faint-ling's fall, Nor eyes that on ye look cold - ly.



2.

Sweet days, happy days,
To the men of Labour;
Fair ways, honest ways,
'Tween oneself and neighbour:
These for all men yet shall be,
Ere old earth grows cooler,
Spite of Parliament say we,
Spite of rogue or ruler.

Chorus.

March, march, comrades all,
Onward ever boldly;
Heed not the faintling's fall,
Nor eyes that on ye look coldly

3.

Strong, strong, ever on,
Strong in our hope increasing;
Day-dawn gleams upon
The cause of our strife unceasing.
Lo! we gather a valiant throng
Over the world of nations;
We shall triumph o'er wealth and wrong,
Ranks and creeds and stations.
March, march, comrades all, &c.

No. 16. What Ho! my Lads.

Words by J. L. Joynes.

Four-Part Song (S.A.T.B.).

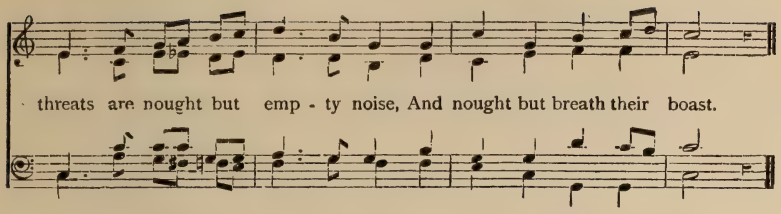
Air—*Partant pour la Syrie.*

What ho! my lads, the time is ripe, A - way with fool - ish fear! The

slave may dread his mas-ter's stripe--We'll have no ty - rants here! We'll

p have no ty - rants here, my boys, Nor lords to rule the roast; *f* Their

threats are nought but emp - ty noise, And nought but breath their boast; Their



2.

Nor slaves nor kings in all our ranks
  Shall evermore be found ;
Elsewhere the knaves may play their pranks
  But this is holy ground—
But this is holy ground, my friends,
  Where Freedom's cause is won,
Where kings and priests shall make amends
  For all the wrong they've done ;
Where kings and priests shall make amends
  For all the wrong they've done.

3.

In our Republic all shall share
  The right to work and play ;
The right to scoff at carking care,
  And drive despair away—
Drive poverty away, my mates,
  With struggle, strain, and strife :
What use are Parliaments and States
  Without a happy life ?
What use are Parliaments and States
  Without a happy life ?

4.

When Hunger holds a harmless rod,
  And all lands laugh for glee,
And none need fear a master's nod,
  And all are really free—
When all indeed are free, my hearts,
  And our great Cause is won,
Oh then, when Poverty departs,
  Will all our work be done ;
Oh then, when Poverty departs,
  Will all our work be done.

No. 17. No Master.

Words by WILLIAM MORRIS. Air—*The Hardy Norseman.*

1.

SAITH man to man, We've heard and known
  That we no master need
To live upon this earth, our own,
  In fair and manly deed.
The grief of slaves long passed away
  For us hath forged the chain,
Till now each worker's patient day
  Builds up the House of Pain.

2.

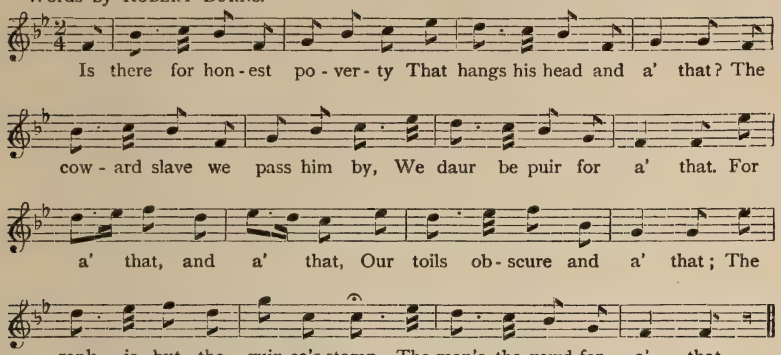
And we, shall we too crouch and quail,
  Ashamed, afraid of strife,
And lest our lives untimely fail
  Embrace the Death in Life?
Nay, cry aloud and have no fear,
  We few against the world;
Awake, arise! the hope we bear
  Against the curse is hurled.

3.

It grows and grows—are we the same,
  The feeble band, the few?
Or what are these with eyes aflame.
  And hands to deal and do?
This is the host that bears the word,
  "NO MASTER HIGH OR LOW"—
A lightning flame, a shearing sword
  A storm to overthrow.

No. 18. A Man's a Man for a' that.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.



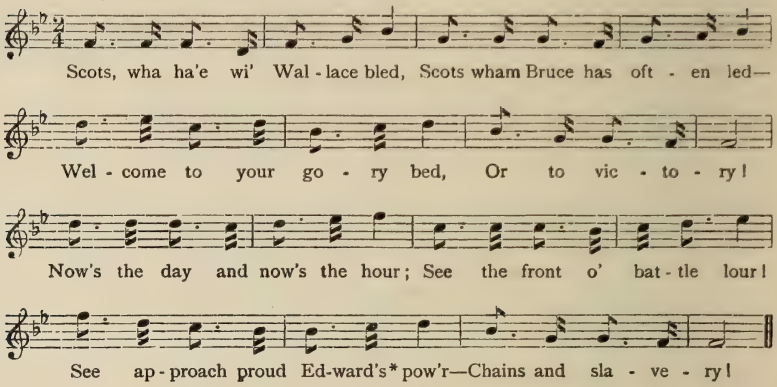
2 What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, though ne'er sae puir,
Is king o' men for a' that.

3 A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his micht,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that;
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

4 Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that and a' that—
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

No. 19. Scots, wha ha'e.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.



2.

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and la'*
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freemen stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

3.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow—
Let us do or dee!

* For "Edward" *read* "Mammon." For "Scotland's king and la'" *read* "justice to us a'."—J.G

No. 20. Comrades in a World where Gold.

Words by W. H. DOWDING. Air—*Scots, wha na e.*

1.

COMRADES in a world where Gold
Is the god of young and old,
Only hearts by Love made bold
May its power defy!
For to-day we round us see
Gold's own victims abjectly
To the Gold-god bow the knee,
Prone before him lie.

2.

In our longing hearts we pray
That the dawn of Freedom's day
Competition's curse may stay;
And from shore to shore,
Every child of earth may be
Sharer of God's bounty free,—
Sloth and want and misery
Banished evermore!

No. 21. We are Fighting the Fight.

Words by E. NESBIT. Air—*Immer langsam voran.*

We are fight - ing the fight, We are fight - ing the fight;

Air & Accompt. *f*

For the cause of the world we are fight - ing the fight!

We will march side by side, Though the world may be wide,

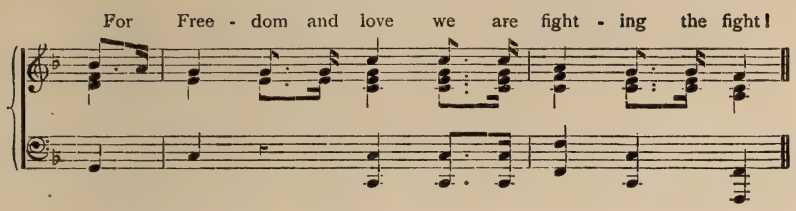
p

Yet as wide as the world is the flag we've un - furled.

CHORUS.

We are fight - ing the fight, We are fight - ing the fight;

f



2.

In Liberty's name,
Come sorrow or shame,
We serve her, and care not for world's praise or blame!
And the harder the way,
And the hotter the day,
The greater the glory in fighting, we say!

Chorus.

We are fighting the fight,
We are fighting the fight;
For Freedom and love we are fighting the fight!

3.

Though long be the night,
The day will be bright
When the sun of our Freedom shall rise in its might.
True comrades stand fast,
Till the night be o'er past,
And lies shall be dead, and truth conquer at last.
We are fighting the fight, &c.

4.

And of us may men say,
In that heavenly day,
That we shrank not from treading the dangerous way.
Oh be glad it is ours,
To sow seed for the years,
Though others may gather the fruits and the flowers.
We are fighting the fight, &c.

No. 22. Ballade of "Law and Order."

Words by J. B. GLASIER. Air—*Vicar of Bray.*

Since all our in - sti - tu - tions are In dan - ger at this

Air & Accompt. *mf*

mo - ment, From no - tions which those So - cial - ists Their

ut - most do to fo - ment; A - gainst all their vile

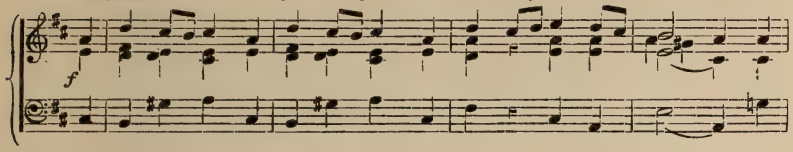
p

prin - ci - ples, Which tru - ly most ab - horred are, Let

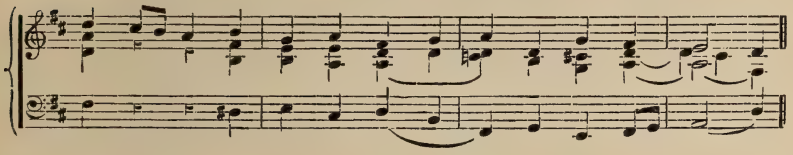
ev - ry pa - tri - ot in - voke The pow'r of Law and Or - der.

CHORUS.

A-gainst all their vile prin-ci-ples, Which tru - ly most ab - horred are, Let



ev - 'ry pa - tri - ot in - voke The pow'r of Law and Or - der.



2.

Some people may have different views
Of how best to enforce it,—
Now Buckingham's opinion was—
And firmly I endorse it:
"Of all the methods I have tried,
The hangman and the sword are
The stoutest means to propagate
Respect for 'Law and Order.'"

Chorus.

Against all other principles,
Which truly most abhorred are,
Let every patriot invoke
The power of Law and Order.

3.

Now let the clergy inculcate
In all their prayers and sermons,
How blest peculiarly are we
Above the French and Germans;
And let their admonition be:—
"These blessings the reward are
Of our unbounded loyalty,
And love of 'Law and Order.'"
Against all other principles, &c.

4.

In every nursery and school,
And barrack-room and prison,
Let sheets be stuck upon the walls
Conspicuous to the vision,
On which, in ornamental text,
With neat appropriate border,
Set forth the words, "Sedition shun,
And reverence 'Law and Order.'"
Against all other principles, &c.

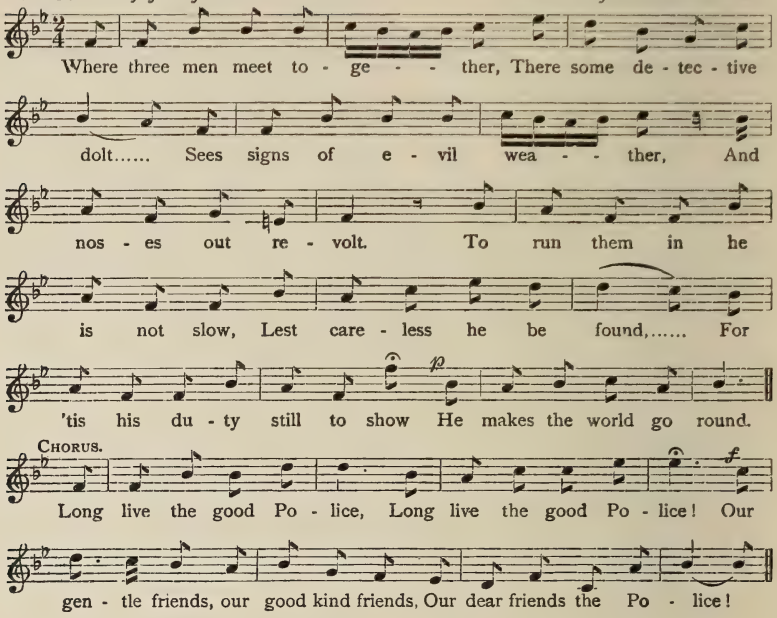
5.

And let us sing, "God save the Queen!'
We could not do without her,
And all the peers and gentlefolks
She likes to keep about her:
And while our voices and our heart
In glorious accord are,
Acclaim the peerless apothegm
Of "Long live 'Law and Order.'"
Against all other principles, &c.

No. 23. The Police.

Words translated from the German by J. L. Joynes.

Air—*Lass of Richmond Hill.*



2

If e'er a mortal sneezes,
  Or looks too gay or grave,
Straight by the ears he seizes
  So manifest a knave;
And if by chance he sneezes twice,
  Arrests him on the spot,
Before the scamp can do it thrice—
  Plain signal of a plot!

Chorus.

  Long live the good Police,
  Long live the good Police!
Our gentle friends, our good kind friends,
  Our dear friends the Police!

3.

At every nose red-coloured
  He stares with ill intent;
And then the merest dullard
  Knows mischief may be meant.
For why? For why? A ruby nose
  May mark a *rendezvous*,
Then off to prison straight it goes,
  Ere it the State undo.
    Long live the good Police, &c.

4.

Then let no knave's suggestion
  Disturb your Christian peace,
Or call the acts in question
  Performed by our Police;
And if they step behind one day
  And clap you handcuffs on:
Be calm! and think, "This is a fa-
  Mous Insti-tu-ti-on."
    Long live the good Police, &c.

No. 24. Song of the "Lower Classes."

Words by ERNEST JONES. Air—*My Old Friend John.*

We plow and sow, we're so ve - ry ve - ry low, That we

Air & Accompt. *mf*

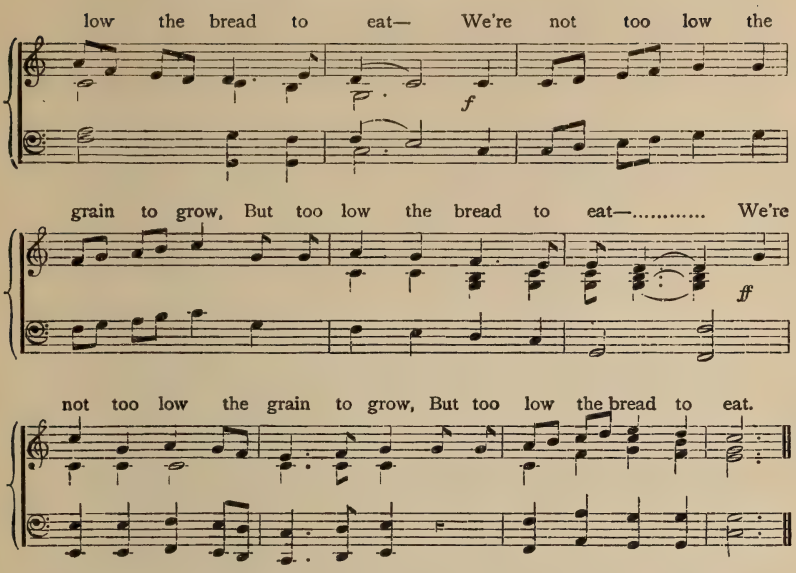
delve in the dir - ty clay; Till we bless the plain with the

gold - en grain, And the vale with the fra - grant hay. Our

p

place we know, we're so ve - ry ve - ry low, 'Tis down at the land - lord's

feet:..... We're not too low the grain to grow, But too



2. Down, down we go, we're so very very low,
   To the hell of the deep-sunk mines;
   But we gather the proudest gems that glow,
   When the brow of a despot shines;
   And whene'er he lacks, upon our backs
   Fresh loads he deigns to lay;
   We're far too low to vote the tax, } *Repeat.*
   But not too low to pay.

3. We're low, we're low—mere rabble we know—
   But at our plastic power,
   The world at the lordling's feet will glow
   Into palace and church and tower;
   The prostrate fall in the rich man's hall,
   And cringe at the rich man's door;
   We're not too low to build the wall, } *Repeat.*
   But too low to tread the floor.

4. We're low, we're low—we're very very low—
   Yet from our fingers glide
   The silken flow and the robes that glow
   Round the limbs of the sons of pride;
   And what we get, and what we give,
   We know, and we know our share;
   We're not too low the cloth to weave, } *Repeat.*
   But too low the cloth to wear.

No. 25. Song of the Miners.

Words by W. H. Utley. Air—*Husarenlied.*

We dig and delve in the dark-some mine, With a flick-'ring can-dle

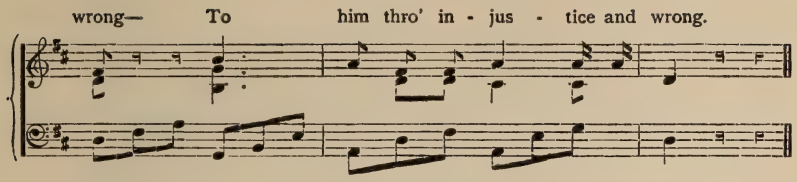
Air & Accompt.

near;..... We delve and dig 'mid the dust and grime, In the

long black gal-ler-ies drear. And a-bove in the air in his

car-riage and pair The proud lord rolls a-long;..... He

spends our gold, for our strength is sold To him thro' in-jus-tice and



2.

We toil and moil while o'er naked limbs
  The water trickles and glides;
We moil and toil till our life nought seems
  Save a woe that on earth long abides.
And above heaven rings, as the blithe lark sings,
  But our children moan and weep,
For the rich man takes what each miner makes
  In the pit so dark and deep—
  In the pit so dark and deep.

3.

We hew and hammer, each stroke of the pick
  Makes fuel for furnace and hearth;
We hammer and hew that iron made quick
  May run to the ends of the earth.
And our brothers in toil who delve in the soil,
  Or work 'mid the factory's roar,
Like us are all bound to toil the year round,
  While the rich cry ever for more—
  While the rich cry ever for more.

4.

But we live and we love, and our tyrants shall learn
  We are men with passions and might;
We love and we live, and our rough hearts yearn
  For the day that shall follow our night:
When we'll live joyous lives with our children and wives,
  No longer debased by our toil,
When each man shall take what each man shall make
  In the pit, the mill, or the soil—
  In the pit, the mill, or the soil.

No. 26. Street Music.

Words by HERBERT BURROWS. Air—*Has sorrow thy young days shaded?*

They were on - ly poor street mu - si - cians, They had tramped for

ma - ny a mile, For the rich - er parts of the ci - ty Gave them

frowns and nev - er a smile. So they came to a crowd - ed

al - ley, Where a bit - ter and cease - less strife..... For a

crust of bread and a gar - ret Was the sum of the peo - ple's life:

2.

Where the fathers were worn and feeble,
  Where the sons were hollow of face,
And the daughters had lost their beauty
  For the want of a breathing space;
Where the children played in the gutter,
  'Mid the garbage and filth and dirt,
While their weary and starving mothers
  Were living the Song of the Shirt.

3.

The musicians stood for a moment,
  Then they softly began to play,
And from flute and harp and viol
  Rose the songs of a bygone day:
Through the hovel homes of that alley
  Swept the murmurous voice of the sea,
The breezes from off the hill-tops,
  And the carollings of the lea.

4.

The notes of the lark and the linnet
  Floated quivering through the air,
And the scent of cowslips and daisies
  Seemed to steal up each broken stair.
The children crept nearer and nearer,
  Forgetting their sorrowful play,
And for one brief moment their fathers
  Recalled their own childhood's day.

5.

The music died out in soft sweetness,
  Entwined with a pathos of pain,
And the struggle for crust and for garret
  Claimed the lives of the toilers again.
But their hearts had been softened and strengthened.
  In the midst of life's infinite wail,
For the art which is sister to heaven,
  From the future had lifted the veil.

6.

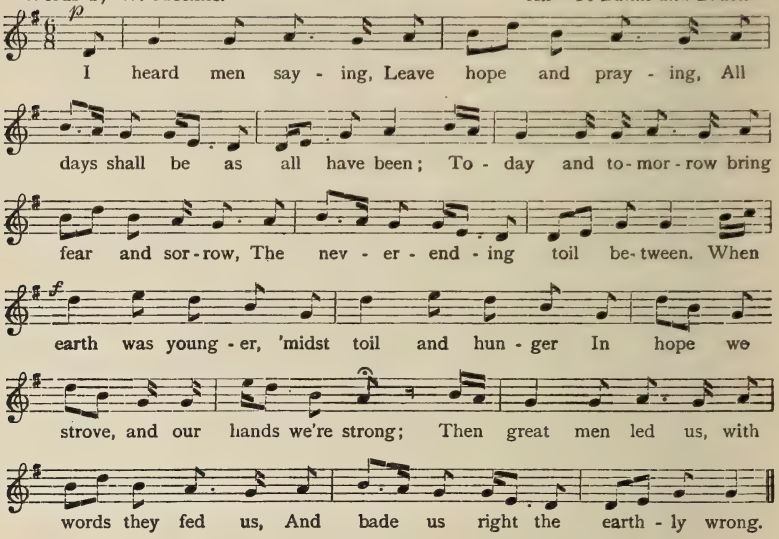
They say that the people are brutal—
  That their instincts of beauty are dead—
Were it so, shame on those who condemn them
  To the desperate struggle for bread.
But they lie in their throats when they say it,
  For the people are tender of heart,
And a wellspring of beauty lies hidden
  Beneath their life's fever and smart.

7.

Day by day burns that fever more fiercely,
  Hour by hour grows that smarting more keen,
While the paradise dims in the distance,
  For the pain of to-day comes between.
Yet be of brave heart, O my brothers,
  And my sisters work on till the morn,
If to-day you must sorrow and suffer,
  To-morrow shall Freedom be born.

No. 27. The Voice of Toil.

Words by W. Morris. Air—*Ye Banks and Braes.*



2.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
  Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow dying
  In that good world to which they led;
Where fast and faster our iron master,
  The thing we made, for ever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
  For other hopes and other lives.

3.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
  And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
  To bring the bright new world to birth.
Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows older!
  The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
  And joy at last for thee and me.

No. 28. Day-Dawn.

Words by EVELYN PYNE.
FOUR-PART SONG (S.A.T.B.).

Air by J. BERAGUTH.

Softly

Ye are wea - ry, O my brothers, And my eyes grow dim with tears, For your bur - dens wax more hea - vy With the hea - vy - hand - ed years: Heark-en! Hearken! O my brothers, Now a sweet new day ap-pears!

2.

Through the darkness, O my brothers,
Ye have toiled in heaviness;
Stinting neither soul nor body,
Striving forward still to press—
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
Swift the daylight comes to bless!

3.

Young men 'reft of love, my brothers,
Maiden's beauty worn away—
Old men sore and sad with labour—
Children with no time to play—
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
What the grand new time will say!

4.

Equal rights it gives, my brothers
To the eagle and the dove;
Right to air and light and knowledge,
Right to rise your toil above—
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
For this new great Right is Love!

5.

Fight; yet pity, O my brothers,
Save the darkened soul that prays;
Ye were night-bound—grow not hardened—
Strength is merciful always—
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
Nor grow mad in coming days!

6.

Soon the trumpet, O my brothers,
Will arouse ye for the light,
And the day must dawn in darkness,
That shall end in perfect light:
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
Wrong must ever herald Right!

No. 29. Men of England.

Words by P. B. SHELLEY.

FOUR-PART SONG (S.A.T.B.).

Air—*Now the rosy morn appearing.*

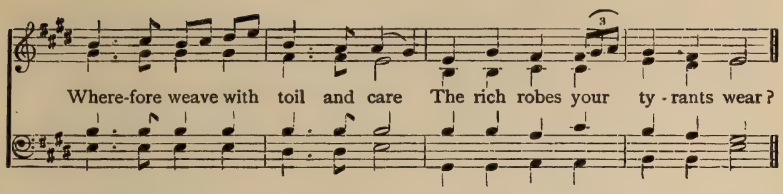
p Men of Eng-land, where-fore plow For the lords who lay ye low?

Where-fore weave with toil and care The rich robes your ty - rants wear?

f Where - fore feed and clothe and save, From the cra - dle to the grave,

Those un-grate - ful drones who would Drain your sweat, nay, drink your blood?

p Men of Eng-land, where-fore plow For the lords who lay ye low?



2.

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?
Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is't ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

Men of England, wherefore plow
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

3.

The seed ye sow another reaps;
The wealth ye find another keeps;
The robes ye weave another wears;
The arms ye forge another bears.
Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth—let no impostor heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, in your defence to bear.

Men of England, &c.

No. 30. Men of the People.

Words by HERBERT BURROWS. Music by JOSEF SCHEU

Men of the peo - ple! you who say That Free-dom is your

Air & Accompt. *f*

right, Not words but acts we need to - day, Your ru - lers long have

cres.

held the sway! 'Tis time their power you swept a - way, For

ff *f*

Free - dom then u - nite— For Free - dom then u - nite.

ff *Slower*

2.

Too long from factory, mill, and field,
  Has come your patient cry;
'Tis time that they should see you wield
A force 'gainst which they have no shield:
Your words will never make them yield,
  Their justice is a lie—
  Their justice is a lie.

3.

They claim as theirs your very lives,
  Your daughters are their sport;
In rags and starving go your wives,
While you are fettered by their gyves,
And still the lordly bishop shrives
  These fav'rites of a court—
  These fav'rites of a court.

4.

But toil no more for them—the earth
  Was never meant for drones;
The selfish pride which springs from birth,
Give way it must to honest worth;
Let them not make your lives a dearth,
  Nor crush you to the stones—
  Nor crush you to the stones.

5.

Arouse yourselves, and your manhood
  Shall cause all men to sing
A song at once both grand and good,
That universal brotherhood
Which never yet was understood
  By despot, priest, or king—
  By despot, priest, or king.

No. 31. The People to their Land.

Words by E. CARPENTER. Air—*Zu Mantua in Banden.*

O high rocks look - ing heaven - ward, O val - leys green and

Air & Accompt. *p*

fair, Sea cliffs that seem to gird and guard Our Is - land

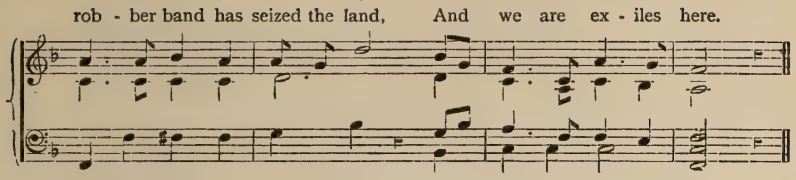
once so dear, In vain your beau - ty now ye spread, For

f

we are num - bered with the dead: A rob - ber band has

p

seized the land, And we are ex - iles here— A



2.

The moonlight glides along the shore
  And silvers all the sands,
It gleams on halls and castles hoar
  Built by our fathers' hands.
But from the scene its beauty fades,
The light dies out along the glades :
A robber band has seized the land,
  And we are exiles here.

3.

The plowman plows, the sower sows,
  The reaper reaps the ear,
The woodman to the forest goes
  Before the day grows clear ;
But of our toil no fruit we see,
The harvest's not for you and me :
A robber band has seized the land,
  And we are exiles here.

4.

The cattle in the sun may lie,
  The fox by night may roam,
The lark may sing all day on high
  Between its heaven and home ;
But we have no place here, to die
Is the one right we need not buy :
Then high to heaven our vows be given.
  We'll have our land or die.

No. 32. Up, ye People!

Words by JOHN GREGORY. Air—*Rule, Britannia!*

When ty- rants tram - pled in their pride The rights.....

Air & Accompt. *mf*

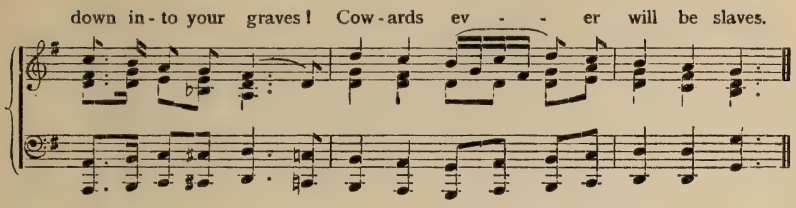
..... of men for gain..... of gold, It was..... the voice of

Jus - tice cried: Why should I now my wrath with-hold?

p

Why should I..... now my wrath with- hold? Up, ye Peo- ple! or

f *ff*



2.

The nations of the earth at last,
  Roused by the torment of their wrong,
Shall fling their fetters to the blast—
  And this shall be their battle song :
    Up, ye People ! or down into your graves !
      Cowards ever will be slaves.

3.

In dumb submission to your foes,
  Have ye no shame to live content ?
If in the strife your life ye lose
  Will not your chains by death be rent ?
    Up, ye People ! &c.

4.

If that ye will ye may be free,
  And Right shall reign in every land,
Love of the world the queen shall be,
  And Justice by her throne shall stand.
    Up, ye People ! &c.

No. 33. Onward, Brothers.

Words by HAVELOCK ELLIS. Air—*Silver moonlight winds.*

p

On-ward, bro-thers, march still on-ward, Side by side and hand in hand;

We are bound for man's true king-dom, We are an..... in-creas-ing band.

Though the way seem oft - en doubt - ful, Hard the toil which we en - dure,

Though at times our cou - rage fal - ter, Yet the prom - ised land is sure.

CHORUS (S.A.T.B.).

mf *p*

On-ward, bro-thers, march still on-ward, Side by side and hand in hand,

f *dim.*

We are bound for man's true king-dom, We are an in - creas-ing band.

2 Olden sages saw it dimly,
And their joy to madness wrought;
Living men have gazed upon it,
Standing on the hills of thought.
All the past has done and suffered,
All the daring and the strife,
All has helped to mould the future,
Make man master of his life.

Chorus.

Onward, brothers, march still onward,
Side by side and hand in hand,
We are bound for man's true kingdom,
We are an increasing band.

3 Still brave deeds and kind are needed,
Noble thoughts and feelings fair;
Ye too must be strong and suffer,
Ye too have to do and dare.
Onward, brothers, march still onward;
March still onward hand in hand;
Till ye see at last Man's kingdom,
Till ye reach the Promised Land.

Onward, brothers, &c.

No. 34. To Liberty.

Words by P. B. SHELLEY. Air—*National Anthem.*

1.

GOD prosper, speed, and save,
God raise from England's grave
Her murdered Queen!
Pave with swift victory
The steps of Liberty,
Whom Britons own to be
Immortal Queen.

2.

See, she comes throned on high,
On swift Eternity!
God save the Queen!
Millions on millions wait
Firm, rapid, and elate,
On her majestic state!
God save the Queen!

3.

She is thine own pure soul
Moulding the mighty whole,
God save the Queen!
She is thine own deep love
Rained down from heaven above;
Wherever she rest or move,
God save our Queen!

4.

'Wilder her enemies
In their own dark disguise,
God save our Queen!
All earthly things that dare
Her sacred name to bear,
Strip them, as kings are, bare;
God save the Queen!

5.

Be her eternal throne
Built in our hearts alone,
God save the Queen!
Let the oppressor hold
Canopied seats of gold;
She sits enthroned of old
O'er our hearts Queen.

6.

Lips touched by seraphim
Breathe out the choral hymn
God save the Queen!
Sweet as if angels sang,
Loud as that trumpet's clang
Wakening the world's dead gang,
God save the Queen!

No. 35. Love of Comrades.

Words by WALT WHITMAN. Music by D. F.

TENOR SOLO. *Not too slow. Dramatically.*

Come, I will make the con - ti - nent in - dis - sol - u - ble, I will

Accompt.

make the most splen - did race the sun ev - er shone up -

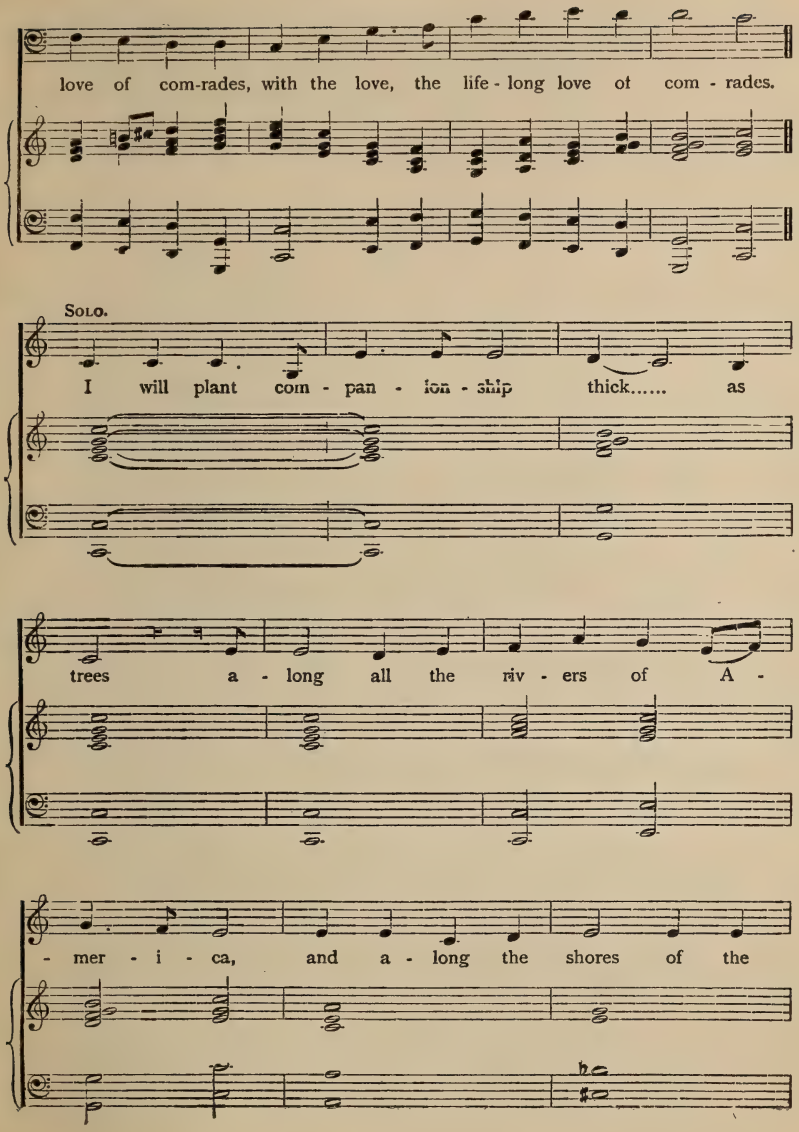
- on, I will make di - vine mag - ne - tic lands,

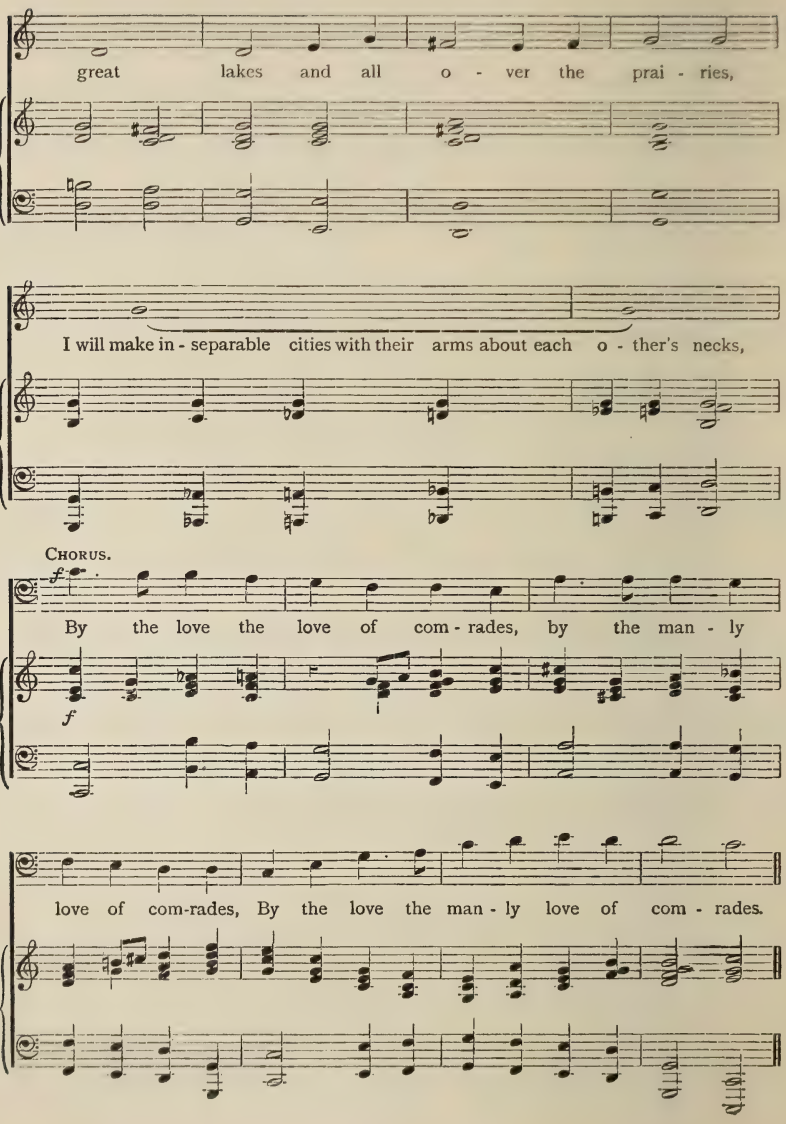
CHORUS OF MEN'S VOICES (IN UNISON).

f

With the love the love of com - rades, with the life - long

f


love of com-rades, with the love, the life-long love of com-rades.
Solo.
I will plant com-pan-ion-ship thick..... as
trees a-long all the riv-ers of A-
-mer-i-ca, and a-long the shores of the


great lakes and all o - ver the prai - ries,
I will make in - separable cities with their arms about each o - ther's necks,
Chorus.
f
By the love the love of com - rades, by the man - ly
f
love of com-rades, By the love the man - ly love of com - rades.

No. 36. The People's Anthem.

Words by EBENEZER ELLIOTT. Air—SANKEY'S *Songs and Solos*, No. 51.

1.

WHEN wilt Thou save Thy people?
  O God of mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
  Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they!
Let them not pass like weeds away!
Their heritage, a sunless day.
        God save the people!

2.

Shall crime bring crime for ever?
  Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
  That man shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say Thy mountains, "No!" Thy skies.
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs."
        God save the people!

3.

When wilt Thou save the people?
  O God of mercy! when?
The people, Lord, the people?
  Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people! Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels fair:
Save them from bondage and despair!
        God save the people!

No. 37. (*1st Tune.*) Song of Labour.

Words by ANDREAS SCHEU. Music by JOSEF SCHEU.

1. Wher - e er the eye its glance may throw, Wher - e'er in earth's most plea - sant
2. She delves the mine to forge her swords, Tho' ne'er so deep the ore be
3. She works and weaves while o - thers rest; Has nought for roof but heaven a -

f

pla - ces The glo - ries of the sun- shine glow, Rich gifts lie strewn in La - bour's
ly - ing; Builds pa - la - ces for liv - ing lords, And shapes their cof - fins for the
- bove her; For o - thers spins their silk - en nest, With scarce a rag her limbs to

p

tra - ces. 'Tis La - bour sows the seed and finds The wealth of
dy - ing. The i - ron rails that link the lands, The ships that
cov - er; Pro - vides the robes that Plea-sure wears, With want and

p

autumn's golden trea - sure, And shapes the whir - ling wheel that grinds Our dai - ly
o'er the waves are dri - ven, Are wrought by La - bour's migh - ty hands; To her be
mis - e - ry a - round her; And know - ing not her strength, she bears The chains in

cres - - - - cen - - - - do.

food's a - bun - dant mea - - sure. Then high a - loft be borne her
all the glo - ry giv - - en. Then high a - loft be borne her
which her lords have bound her. Yet see! The dawn for day gives

ff

ban - ner, Where through fierce foes she wins her way, Where hea - ven's
ban - ner, Where through fierce foes she wins her way, Where hea - ven s
tok - en: The mists of night dis - perse and die; Her chains at

breez - es free - ly fan her, 'Tis La-bour still that gains the day, 'Tis La - bour
breez - es free - ly fan her, 'Tis La-bour still that gains the day, 'Tis La - bour
length are burst and bro - ken, And Labour's tri - umph lasts for aye, And La - bour's

cres - - - cen - - do. *ff*

still, 'Tis La - bour still that gains the day.
still, 'Tis La - bour still that gains the day.
triumph, And La - bour's tri - - umph lasts for aye.

No. 37. (*2nd Tune.*) Song of Labour.

Words by ANDREAS SCHEU. Music by JOHN JONES (Bristol).

Wher - e er the eye its glance may throw, Wher- e'er in earth's most

Air & Accompt.

plea - sant pla - ces The glo - ries of the sun - shine glow, Rich

gifts lie strewn in La - bour's tra - ces. 'Tis La - bour sows the seed and

rall. *a tempo.* *cres.*

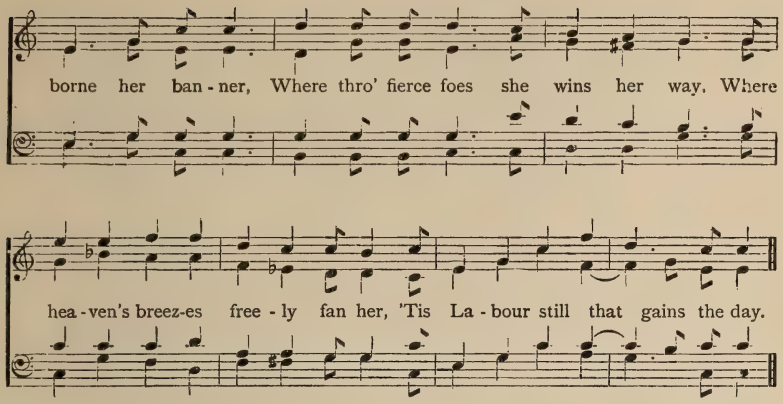
finds The wealth of autumn's gold - en trea - sure, And shapes the whir - ling

wheel that grinds Our dai - ly food's a-bun-dant measure.

CHORUS.

f

Then high a - loft be



2 She delves the mine to forge her swords,
Though ne'er so deep the ore be lying;
Builds palaces for living lords,
And shapes their coffins for the dying.
The iron rails that link the lands,
The ships that o'er the waves are driven,
Are wrought by Labour's mighty hands;
To her be all the glory given.
Then high aloft be borne her banner
Where through fierce foes she wins her way,
Where heaven's breezes freely fan her,
'Tis Labour still that gains the day.

3 She works and weaves while others rest;
Has nought for roof but heaven above her;
For others spins their silken nest,
With scarce a rag her limbs to cover:
Provides the robes that Pleasure wears,
With want and misery around her;
And knowing not her strength, she bears
The chains in which her lords have bound her.
Yet see! The dawn for day gives token:
The mists of night disperse and die;
Her chains at length are burst and broken
And Labour's triumph lasts for aye.

No. 38. The March of the Workers.

Words by WILLIAM MORRIS. Air—*John Brown.*

mf

What is this the sound and ru - mour? What is
Whi - ther go they, and whence come they? What are

this that all men hear, Like the wind in hol - low val - leys when the
these of whom ye tell? In what coun - try are they dwell - ing 'twixt the

storm is draw - ing near, Like the roll - ing on of o - cean in the
gates of heav'n and hell? Are they mine or thine for mo - ney? will they

e - ven - tide of fear? 'Tis the peo - ple march - ing on.
serve a mas - ter well? Still the ru - mour's march - ing on.

f CHORUS. *p*

Hark the roll - ing of the thun - der! Lo the

sun! and lo there - un - der *f* Ris - eth wrath and hope and

won - der, And the host comes march - ing on.

2.

Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend toward health and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth;
Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth,
For the days are marching on.

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,
Smoothe the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,
All for thee this day—and ever. What reward for them is meet?
Till the host comes marching on.

Chorus.

Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo the sun! and lo thereunder
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

3.

Many a hundred years passed over have they laboured deaf and blind;
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find.
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the wind,
And their feet are marching on.

O ye rich men hear and tremble! for with words the sound is rife:
"Once for you and death we laboured; changed henceforward is the strife.
We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men and life;
And our host is marching on."

Hark the rolling, &c.

4.

"Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire?
Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire.
Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world shall never tire;
And hope is marching on."

"On we march then, we the workers, and the rumour that ye hear
Is the blended sound of battle and deliv'rance drawing near;
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,
And the world is marching on."

Hark the rolling, &c.

No. 39. A New Marseillaise.

Words by D. G. NICOLL. Air—*Marseillaise.*

THREE PARTS (S.T.B.).

f

1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake! 'tis morn - ing, 'Tis time from slum-ber to a - rise; On high the red-den'd sun gives warn - ing That day is
2. Long have ye heard your chil- dren weep - ing, For bread they cried in vain to you— Why do ye lie there dream - ing, sleep - ing, When there is
3. Tho' force and fraud a - like op - pose you, Yet in your hand is skill and power, And tho' the ty- rant's hosts en - close you, And o - ver -
4. On ev -'ry side, as loud as thun - der, The tramp of na-tions now is heard, En - list- ing Freedom's ban - ner un - der, O - be- dient

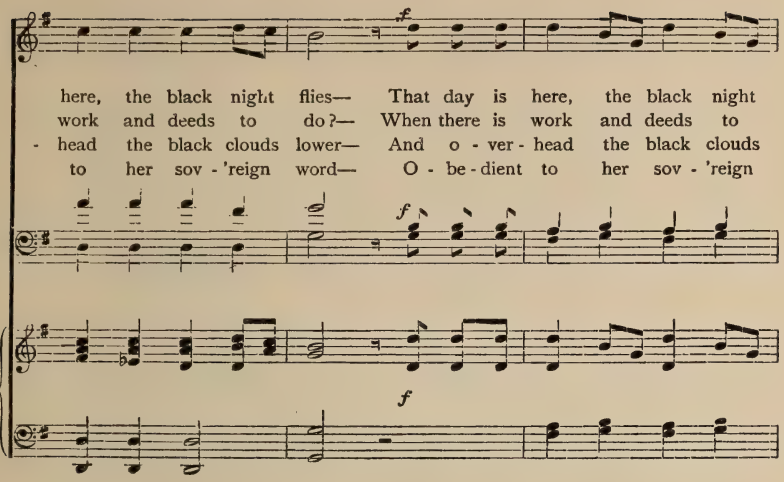
f

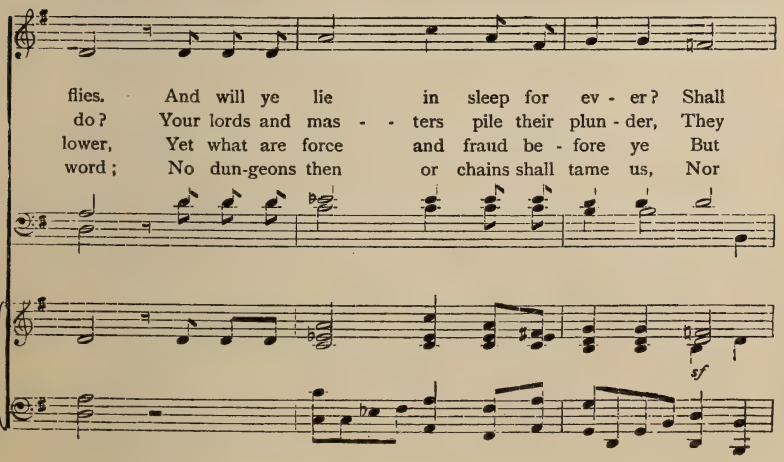
Accompt. *f*

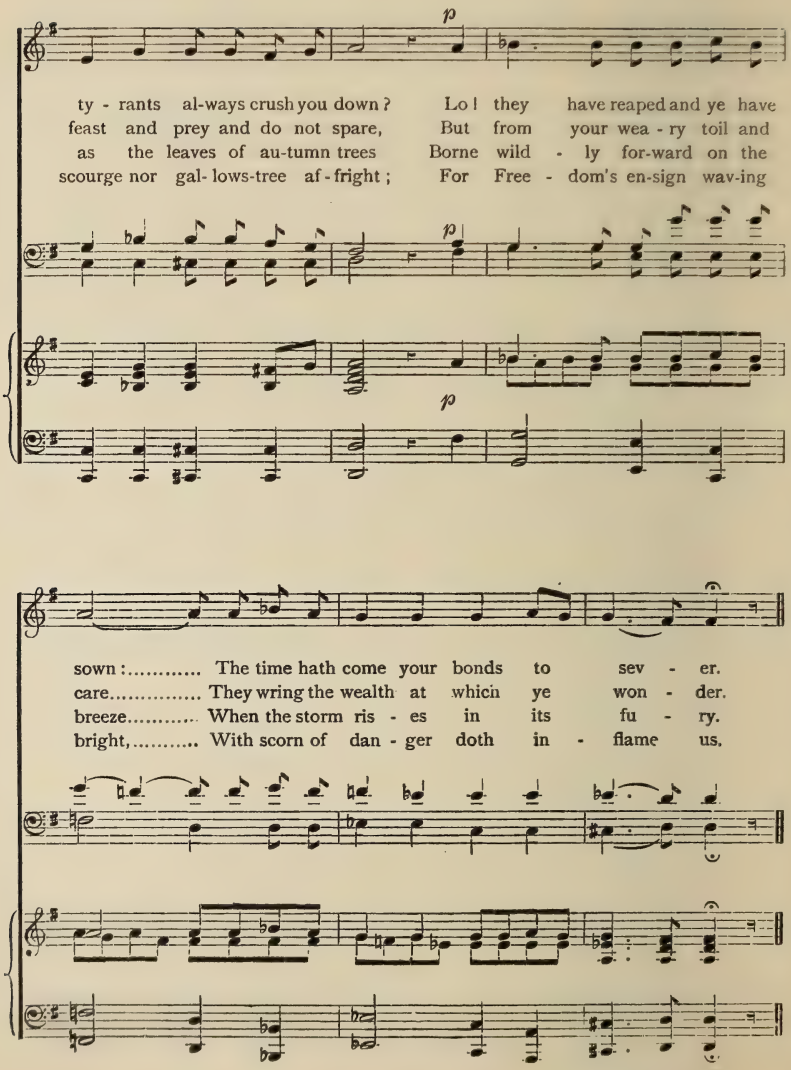
p

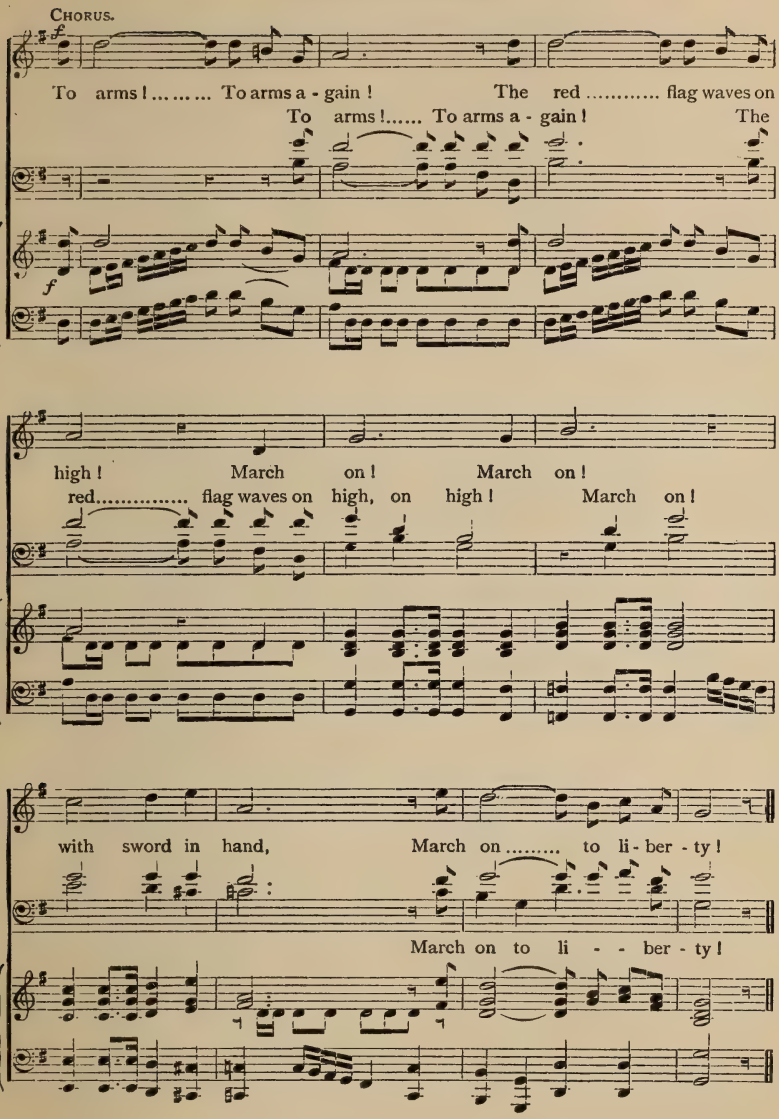
p

p

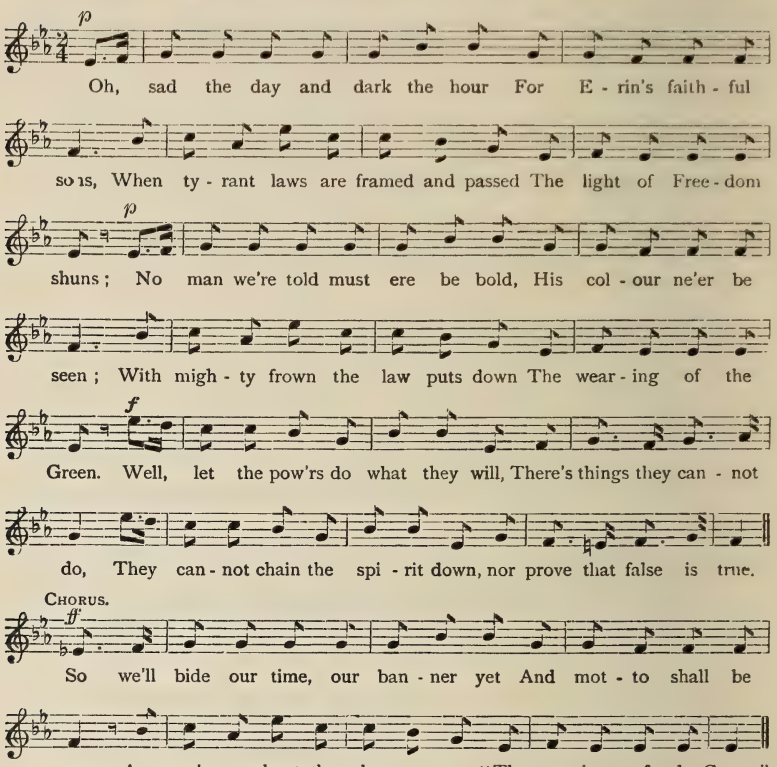

f
here, the black night flies— That day is here, the black night
work and deeds to do?— When there is work and deeds to
- head the black clouds lower— And o - ver - head the black clouds
to her sov - 'reign word— O - be - dient to her sov - 'reign
f
f


flies. And will ye lie in sleep for ev - er? Shall
do? Your lords and mas - - ters pile their plun - der, They
lower, Yet what are force and fraud be - fore ye But
word; No dun-geons then or chains shall tame us, Nor
sf


p
ty - rants al-ways crush you down? Lo! they have reaped and ye have
feast and prey and do not spare, But from your wea - ry toil and
as the leaves of au-tumn trees Borne wild - ly for-ward on the
scourge nor gal- lows-tree af - fright; For Free - dom's en-sign wav-ing
p
p
sown:..... The time hath come your bonds to sev - er.
care..... They wring the wealth at which ye won - der.
breeze..... When the storm ris - es in its fu - ry.
bright,..... With scorn of dan - ger doth in - flame us.


CHORUS.
f
To arms! ..... To arms a - gain! The red ..... flag waves on
To arms!..... To arms a - gain! The
f
high! March on! March on!
red..... flag waves on high, on high! March on!
with sword in hand, March on ..... to li - ber - ty!
March on to li - - ber - ty!

No. 40. The Wearing of the Green.



2.

Oh, when in search of liberty
We've wandered to the West,
Our thoughts will often turn to thee,
The land we love the best!
We never had been parted,
With ocean spread between,
But for the cruel law that bans
The wearing of the Green.

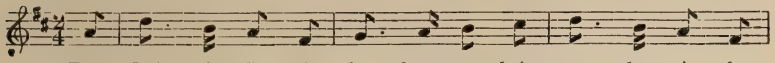
Dear Ireland! tho' she's weak and spent,
With many a gaping wound,
Yet while her sons are true to her,
Her heart at least is sound.

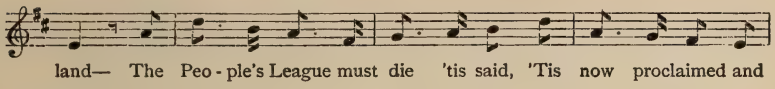
Chorus.

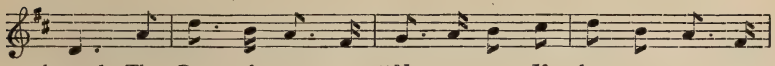
So we'll bide our time, our banner yet
And motto shall be seen,
And voices shout the chorus out,
"The Wearing of the Green."

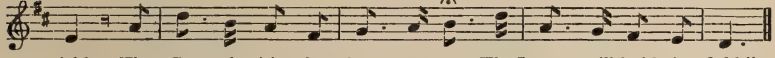
No. 41. Song of the Irish National League.

Words by T. D. SULLIVAN. Air—*There's nae luck about the house.*

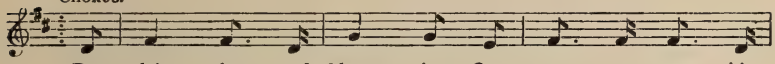


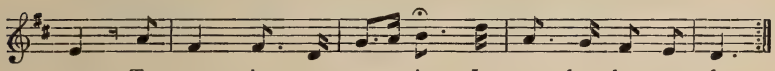






CHORUS.





2.

The People's League is great and strong,
It spreads from sea to sea;
'Twas made to end the reign of wrong
And set a nation free;
And till its glorious task is done,
Assail it as they may,
No power that lives beneath the sun
Shall take its life away,

Chorus.

Still daring, unfearing,
'Twill work for Ireland's weal,
And quail not or fail not,
For paper, lead, or steel.

3.

We know that ere our strife is o'er
With tyrants, thieves, and knaves,
Our noblest men may suffer sore,
Or sleep in prison graves;
Such pains as these are Freedom's price—
Amen, amen, say we;
We'd pay it twice—we'd pay it thrice—
For Ireland's liberty.

Chorus.

So loudly, and proudly,
We'll tell our foes to-day,
We scorn them, we spurn them,
And dare them to the fray.

1887.

No. 42. Dear Ireland!

Words by T. D. SULLIVAN. Air—*Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.*

Here's to the land of our thoughts and our dreams, Here's to the

Air &
Accompt.

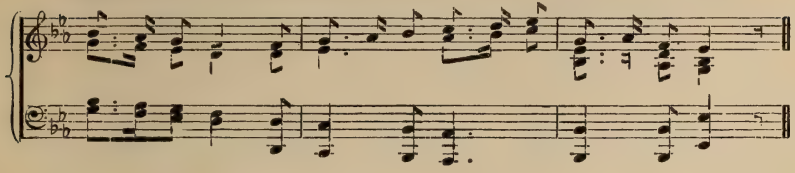
sky that bends o'er her, Here's to her hills, to her

lakes and her streams, And here's to her Fu - ture be - fore her!

Cho - rus the strain, Swell the re - frain, And pledge to dear

Ire - land a - gain and a - gain! Cho - rus the strain,

Swell the re - frain, And pledge to dear Ire - land a - gain and a - gain!



2.

Here's to the heroes and sages whose fame
So brightly illumines her story;
Here's to each thinker and worker whose name
Shall add a new ray to her glory!
Chorus the strain,
Swell the refrain,
And pledge to dear Ireland again and again!

3.

Here's to her brave men who do and who dare
Whate'er befits honour and duty;
Here's to her daughters so good and so fair,
Renowned for their virtue and beauty!
Chorus the strain, &c.

4.

Here's to her race that shall live to the last,
The world's brightest story adorning;
A race that shall flourish when others have passed
From earth like a mist of the morning!
Chorus the strain, &c.

No. 43. The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man.

Words from *The Otago Witness.*

Music by JOHN JONES.

FOUR-PART SONG (S.A.T.B.).

Boldly

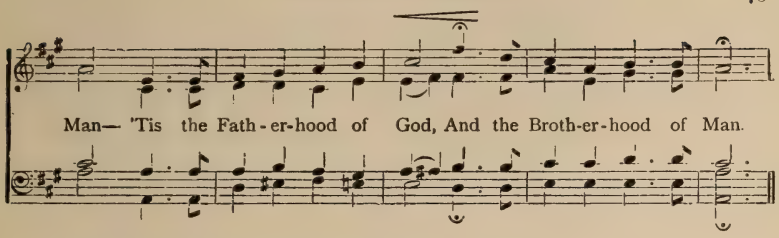
Now sound ye forth with trum - pet tone, Let all the na - tions

fear, Speak to the world the thrill - ing words That ty - rants quail to

cres.

bear; And write them bold on Free-dom's flag, And wave it in the

van, *f* 'Tis the Fath - er - hood of God, And the Broth - er - hood of



2.

Upon the sunny mountain brow,
  Among the busy throng,
Proclaim the day for which our hearts
  Have prayed and waited long;
The grandest words that men have heard
  Since ere the world began,
Are the Fatherhood of God,
  And the brotherhood of Man

3.

Too long the night of ignorance
  Has brooded o'er the mind;
Too long the love of wealth and power
  And not the love of kind;
Now let the blessed truth be flashed
  To earth's remotest span,
Of the Fatherhood of God,
  And the brotherhood of Man.

4.

Oh, ye who trample on the hearts
  And chain the minds of men;
The sword is shivered in your grasp,
  Broke by the mighty pen,
And right shall yet prevail, in spite
  Of king or priestly ban,
By the Fatherhood of God,
  And the brotherhood of Man.

No. 44. Come gather, O People.

Words by E. Nesbit. Air—*Hearts of Oak.*

Come ga - ther, O Peo - ple, for soon is the hour When

Air & Accompt. p

prin - ces must fall with their pomp and their power; For the

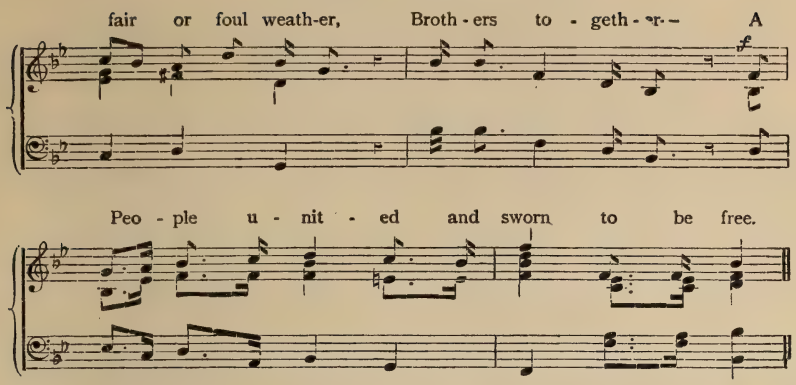
f

power of the Fu - ture, we know it, shall be A

Peo - ple u - nit - ed and sworn to be free. Chorus. Firm and

sf *sf* *p*

fast we will stand, Heart to heart, hand in hand! In



2.

Come sharpen your wits—for our tongues are our swords
To fight all our foes whether Commons or Lords—
Our tongues shall speak truly, whatever the cost,
And when clean are the weapons no fight can be lost

Chorus.

Firm and fast we will stand,
Heart to heart, hand in hand!
In fair or foul weather,
Brothers together—
A People united and sworn to be free.

3.

Our war-cry is "Freedom"—and those who withstand
That cry have no place in our conquering band,
We strive for her sake from the cradle to grave,
'Tis Freedom we fight for and Freedom we'll have!
Firm and fast we will stand, &c.

No. 45. Workers of England.

Words by J. CONNELL. Air—*Lilibulero.**

Work - ers of Eng - land, why crouch ye like cra - vens? Why

f

Air & Accompt.

clutch an ex - ist - ence of in - sult and want? Why

stand to be plucked by an ar - my of ra - vens, Or

hood-winked for ev - er by twad - dle and cant? Think on the

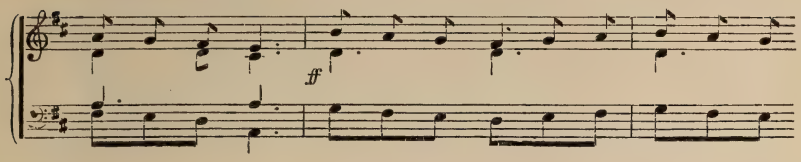
p

wrongs ye bear, Think on the rags ye wear, Think on the in - sults en -

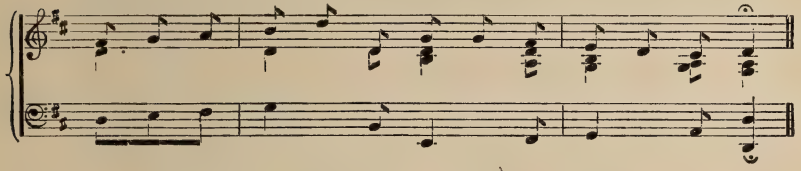
cres.

* A tune by Henry Purcell, which played an important part in the Revolution of 1688.

- dured from your birth; Toil - ing in snow and rain, Rear - ing up



heaps of grain, All for the ty - rants who grind you to earth.



2.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,
In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far,
Ye've brave hearts that teach you to laugh at disasters,
Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.
Why then like cowards stand
Using not brain or hand,
Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?
What right have they to take
Things that ye toil to make?
Know ye not comrades that all is your own.

3.

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer,
Assemble in masses throughout the whole land:
Show these incapables who are the stronger,
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.
Through Castle, Court, and Hall,
Over their acres all,
Onward we'll press like the waves of the sea,
Claiming the wealth we've made,
Ending the spoilers' trade:
Labour shall triumph and England be free.

No. 46. The True Patriotism.

Words by H. S. Salt. Air—*There was a jolly miller.*

When gath - 'ring clouds of black dis - tress Make dark the days be -

Air & Accompt.

- fore us, 'Tis then our sa - ges of the Press Croak

loud their drear - y cho - rus: "Be calm" they cry, and

fos - ter not Class strife and schemes Quix - o - tic; True

Eng - lish - men what - e'er their lot Must first be pa - tri - o - tic."

2.

Instruct us then, ye wits profound,
  Who prate of workmen's duty,
Where may this patriot love be found
  In fullest bliss and beauty?
And who be they, 'mid this wild time
  Of social wrongs chaotic,
May justly claim the right sublime
  Of purpose patriotic?

3

Are patriots those who boast and brag
  Of high imperial glory,
Yet follow faithful to the flag
  Of selfish Whig or Tory?
Who cleave to party, right or wrong,
  With dulness idiotic;
Who scorn the weak, and praise the strong—
  Are *these* the patriotic?

4.

Alas! ye do misuse a name
  That still, in truth, is holy;
Still lives unquenched the patriot flame,
  In simple hearts and lowly;
To help the weak with dauntless hand:
  To humble the despotic;—
This is true love of fatherland,
  This, this is patriotic.

No. 47. The Brotherhood.

Words by GEORGE GILBERTSON. Air—*Hope told a flattering tale*

In youth as I lay dream - ing, I saw a coun - try

p

Air & Accompt.

fair,..... Where Plen - ty shed its bless - ings down, And all have

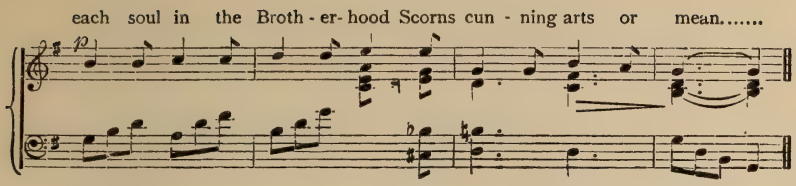
cres.

e - qual share..... There Pov - er - ty's sad fea - tures Are

nev - er nev - er seen,..... And each soul in the

Broth - er - hood Scorns cun - ning arts or mean—..... And

f



2.

There Honesty is reckoned
  Something above a name,
And men perform their kindly deeds
  For nobler meed than fame.
There labour is respected,
  And reaps its due reward,
And idlers in the Brotherhood
  Would meet with scant regard. } *Repeat.*

3.

But long have I been seeking,
  And still confess with pain
I never yet have found the land
  I wish to see again.
Still, as my years pass slowly,
  Mingling with life's great stream,
I hope to find the Brotherhood
  I saw in that young dream. } *Repeat.*

No. 48. Ode to Joy.

Words from the German of SCHILLER. Air from BEETHOVEN'S *9th Symphony.*

Joy, thou fair - est child of E - den! Joy, thou spark of

f

Air & Accompt.

life di - vine! Drunk with ho - ly fire we hast - en,

Heav'n - ly mai - den, to thy shrine. Thy en - chant - ment

p

binds to - geth - er What harsh Cus - tom rends in twain, Where thy

cres. *f*

brood - ing pin - ions lin - ger Men are broth - ers once a - gain.

2.

Who has chanced the great good fortune
  Of a friend the friend to be,
Who has won a gracious woman,
  Let him add his shout of glee.
Yea, and who can reckon only
  One his own o'er sea and land--
And who cannot, weeping, lonely,
  Let him leave our comrade band.

3.

Joy drinks every creature, hanging
  At its mother Nature's breast,
Good and bad the path of roses
  Follow, where her feet have prest.
Grapes she gave to us and kisses,
  Friendship that thro' Death has trod,
Even the worm has joy in living,
  And the Angel looks on God.

4.

Joyous, as his Suns that traverse
  Heaven's immense and ordered space,
Or as heroes to the battle,
  Run, O brothers, each your race.
Kisses to ye, mortal millions,
  And to every creature love--
For a loving Father surely
  Dwells the starry tent above.

No. 49. A Harvest Hymn.

Words by JOHN GLASSE.
FOUR-PART SONG (S.A.T.B.).

Air—*Wir pflügen und wir streuen.*

mf There's light up - on the corn - field, And yel - low grows the grain, The

sum - mer now is o - ver And har - vest comes a - main; *p* The

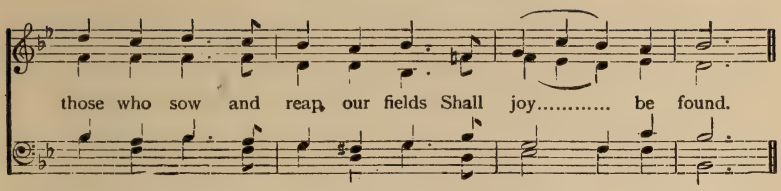
year is crowned with glo - ry, The vales with corn are glad, But the

rall.

reap - er's voice is si - lent, The farm - er's heart is sad.

CHORUS.

f Cheer up, des-pond-ent work - ers! When corn and wine a - bound, For



2.

The lords have now the vintage,
  The bankers claim the corn,
The produce of the farmer
  By craft and guile is torn
From both himself and household
  To spend in court and hall
On minions and their masters
  Who crowd to hunt and ball.

Chorus.

Cheer up, despondent workers!
  When corn and wine abound,
For those who sow and reap our fields
  Shall joy be found.

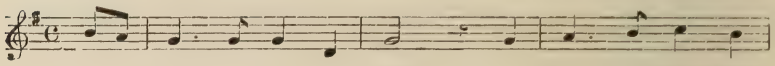
3.

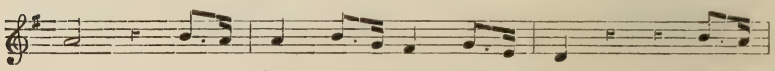
Arise, O downcast toiler!
  With sickle in thy hand,
Two harvests lie this morning
  The length of this good land,
The one is now before thee
  With plenty for thy need,
Let the idlers reap the whirlwind
  Of which they've sown the seed.

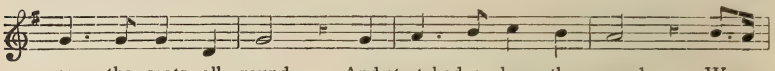
Cheer up, &c.

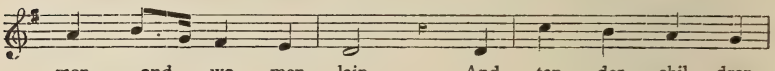
No. 50. 'Twas in Trafalgar Square.

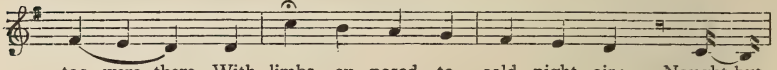
Words by G. CLARK. Air from *Death of Nelson.*

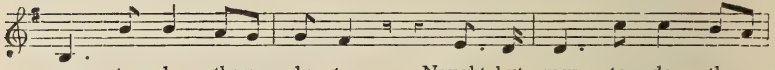


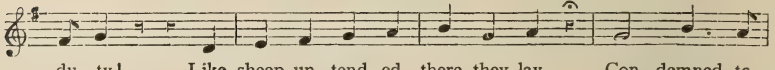


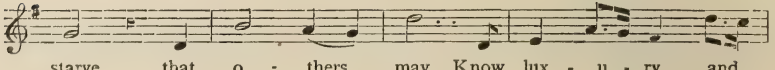


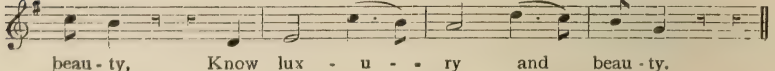












2.

'Tis sad to contemplate
That this so wealthy state
  Such misery contains;
While some for scanty pay
Toil sixteen hours each day
  To swell employers' gains.
For willing hand must idly lie,
Of cold and hunger slowly die,
While thieves divide the booty,
While thieves divide the booty;
Their voices now in anguish cry:
O Englishmen, haste ere we die—
Arise and do your duty,
Arise and do your duty!

3.

But soon will come the day
When right shall hold the sway
  And each one have his own;
When truth shall live again,
And royal Justice reign,
  And Robbery be unknown.
For that great change we'll gladly fight
When right shall triumph over might
And all be light and beauty,
And all be light and beauty.
When comes the fight we'll lead the van,
Demos expects that every man
That day will do his duty,
That day will do his duty!

No. 51. Christ-Country.

Words by EVELYN PYNE. Air—*My heart ever faithful.* J. S. BACH.

Wea - ry and faint, a - thirst, a - lone, Just as He wandered wan-der we;

p

Air & Accompt.

Count-ing no gift, no grace, our own, Pilgrims that seek the Christ-coun-try.

Hung'ring and poor, with feet that bleed, Just as He suf-fered suf - fer we, Bless-

p

- ing the curs - ers still we plead: Brothers, fol - low to Christ-coun-try!

f

Pa-tient we stand at man's heart-gate; Just as He knock'd there so knock we, Pray-

p *cres.*

- ing we wait if soon or late, Some will hear of the Christ-country.

Scat-tered and sad and weak we seem, Just as He toiled on so toil we;

p

"Dreamers" they call us—Life is a dream— Would they might wake in Christ-coun-try!

2 Roads are many that lead thereto,
  Just as He promised promise we;
Life hath windows where souls gaze through
  Right across to the Christ-country.
Weary and faint yet strong to death,
  Just as He bore all so bear we;
Soul and body and heart and breath
  Yielding to win our Christ-country.

3 Labour and pain and scoff and loss,
  Just as He crowned them so crown we;
Love is stronger than sword or cross,
  And He leads us to Christ-country.
Weary and faint, athirst, alone,
  Just as He wandered wander we;
Counting no gift, no grace, our own,
  Pilgrims that seek the Christ-country.

No. 52. The Great City.

Words by WALT WHITMAN.

CHANT (S.A.T.B.).

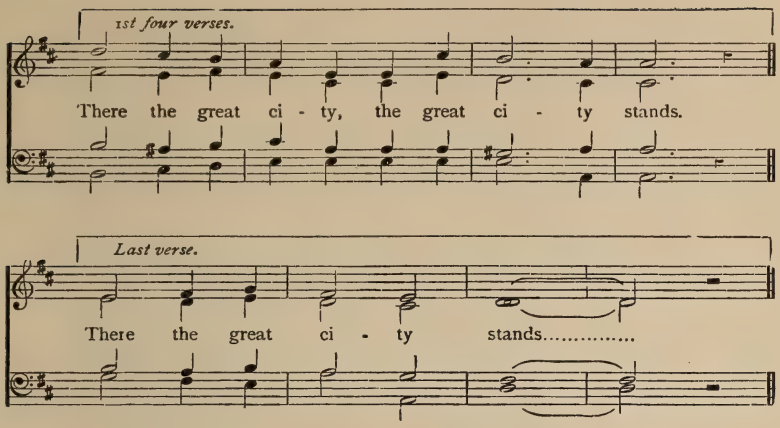
Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards,

{Where the city stands that is beloved by these, and loves them in return, and} un - der - stands them,

Where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds,

Where thrift is in its place, and prudence is in its place,

There the great ci - ty stands, The great ci - ty,



2.

Where the men and women think lightly of the láws;
Where the slave ceases, and the master óf slaves ceases;
Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected pérsons;
Where fierce men and women pour forth, as the sea to the whistle of death pours its sweeping and únripped waves;
There the great city stands.

3.

Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authórity;
Where the citizen is always the head ánd ideal;
Where President, Mayor, Governor, and what not, are agents for páy;
Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend ón themselves;
There the great city stands.

4.

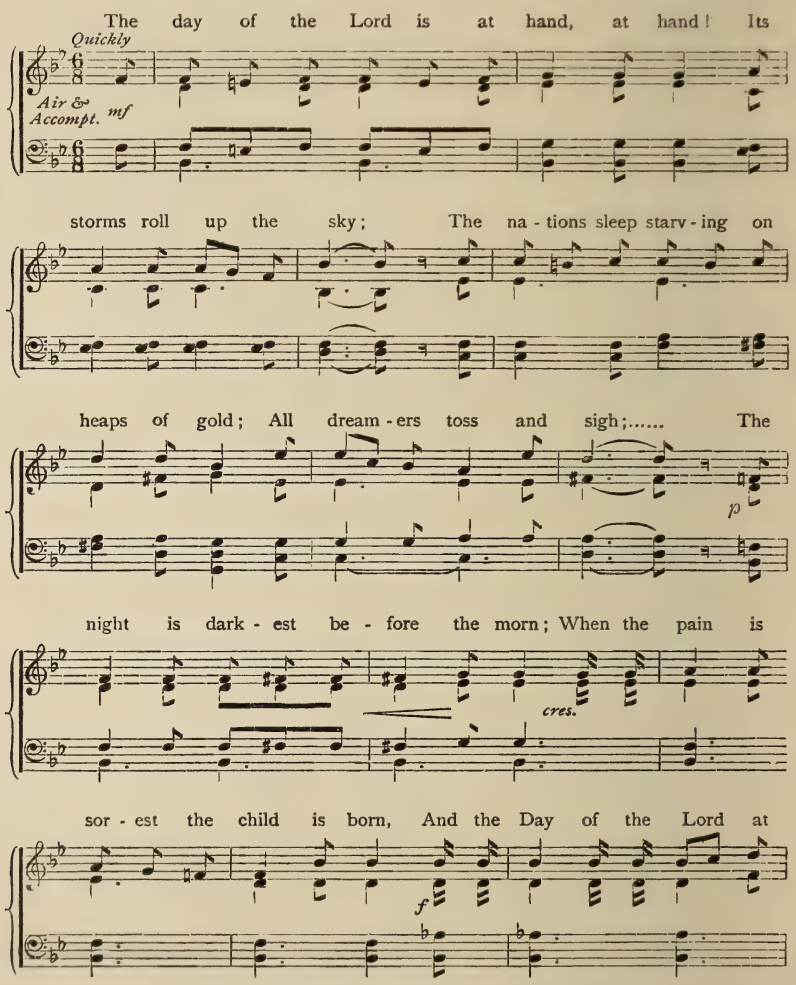
Where equanimity is illustrated in affáirs;
Where speculations on the soul áre encouraged;
Where women walk in public processions in the streets, the same as the mén;
Where they enter the public assembly and take places the same ás the men;
There the great city stands.

5.

Where the city of the faithfulest friends stánds;
Where the city of the cleanliness of the séxes stands;
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stánds;
Where the city of the best-bodied móthers stands;
There the great city stands.

No. 53. The Day of the Lord.

Words by CHARLES KINGSLEY.* Music by E. CARPENTER.



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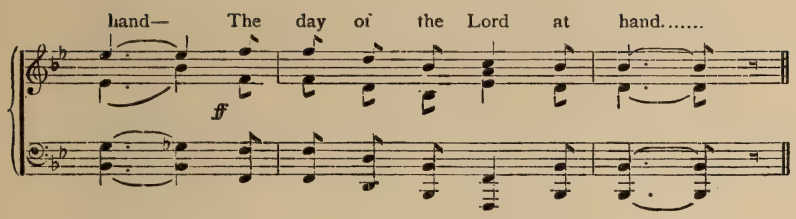


2.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
  Freedom and mercy and truth;
O come! for the earth is grown coward and old;
  Come down, and renew us her youth.
Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring, and love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
  To the Day of the Lord at hand—
  To the Day of the Lord at hand.

3.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
  Famine and plague and war;
Idleness, bigotry, cant, and misrule,
  Gather, and fall in the snare!
Hireling and Mammonite, bigot and knave,
Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,
  In the Day of the Lord at hand—
  In the Day of the Lord at hand.

4.

Who'd sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
  While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
  And those who can suffer, can dare,
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,
  In the Day of the Lord at hand—
  In the Day of the Lord at hand.

No. 54. Rise like Lions after Slumber.

Words from SHELLEY'S *Masque of Anarchy.*

FOUR-PART SONG (S.A.T.B.). Music by JOHN JONES.

Boldly, in marching time.

Men of Eng - land, Heirs of glo - ry, He - roes of un -

- writ - ten sto - ry, Nurs - lings of one migh - ty Mo - ther,

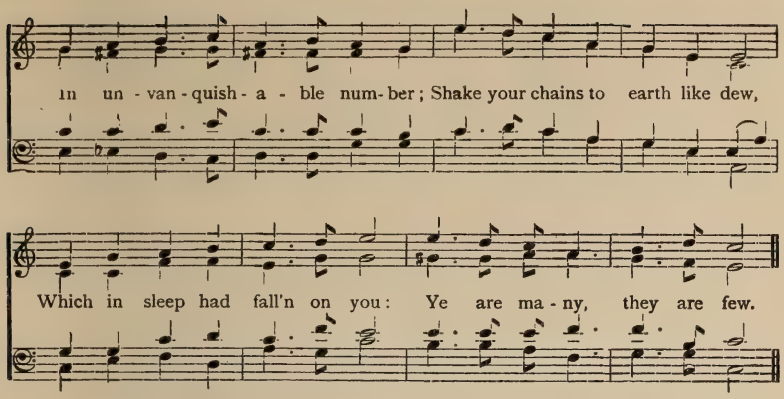
Hopes of her and one an - o - ther! Rise like li - ons af - ter slum - ber,

In un - van - quish - a - ble num - ber; Shake your chains to earth like dew,

CHORUS.

Which in sleep had fall'n on you. Rise like li - ons af - ter slum-ber,

* The minims to be sung in the 2nd and 3rd verses.



2.

What is Freedom? Ye can tell
That which slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.
'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day,
In your limbs as in a cell
For the tyrant's use to dwell.

Chorus.

Rise like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number;
Shake your chains to earth like dew.
Which in sleep had fall'n on you:
Ye are many, they are few.

3.

Horses, oxen, have a home,
When from daily toil they come;
Household dogs when the wind roars,
Find a home within warm doors.
Asses, swine, have litter spread,
And with fitting food are fed;
All things have a home but one—
Thou, O Englishman, hast none.
Rise like lions after slumber, &c.

No. 55. All for the Cause.

Words by WILLIAM MORRIS. English Air.

Hear a word, a word in sea - son, for the Day is draw - ing nigh,

Air & Accompt. *mf* *Not too slow*

When the Cause shall call up - on us, some to live and some to die!

He that dies shall not die lone - ly, many an one hath gone be - fore,

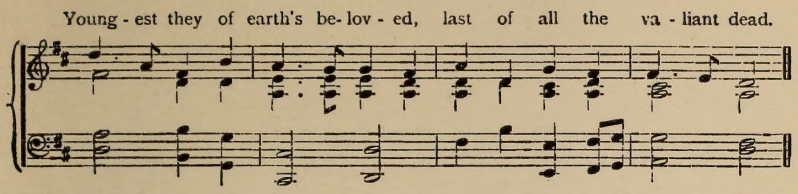
p

He that lives shall bear no bur - den hea - vier than the life they bore.

p

No - thing an - cient is their sto - ry, e'en but yes - ter - day they bled,

f



2.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their labour and their pain,
But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope again.
Mourn not therefore, nor lament it that the world outlives their life ;
Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong our hands for strife.
Some had name and fame and honour, learned they were and wise and strong ;
Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in all but grief and wrong.

3.

Named and nameless all live in us ; one and all they lead us yet
Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.
Hearken how they cry, " O happy, happy ye that ye were born
" In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the morn.
" Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die or well to live
" Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to gain or peace to give.'

4.

Ah, it may be ! Oft meseemeth, in the days that yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth of sea to sea,
Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,
And they bless the day belovèd all too short for all their mirth,
Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the toil and strife of battle overthrew the curse of gold ;

5.

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise ;
We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise.
There amidst the world new-builded shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died.
Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we gain or what we lose ?
Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for each shall choose.

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